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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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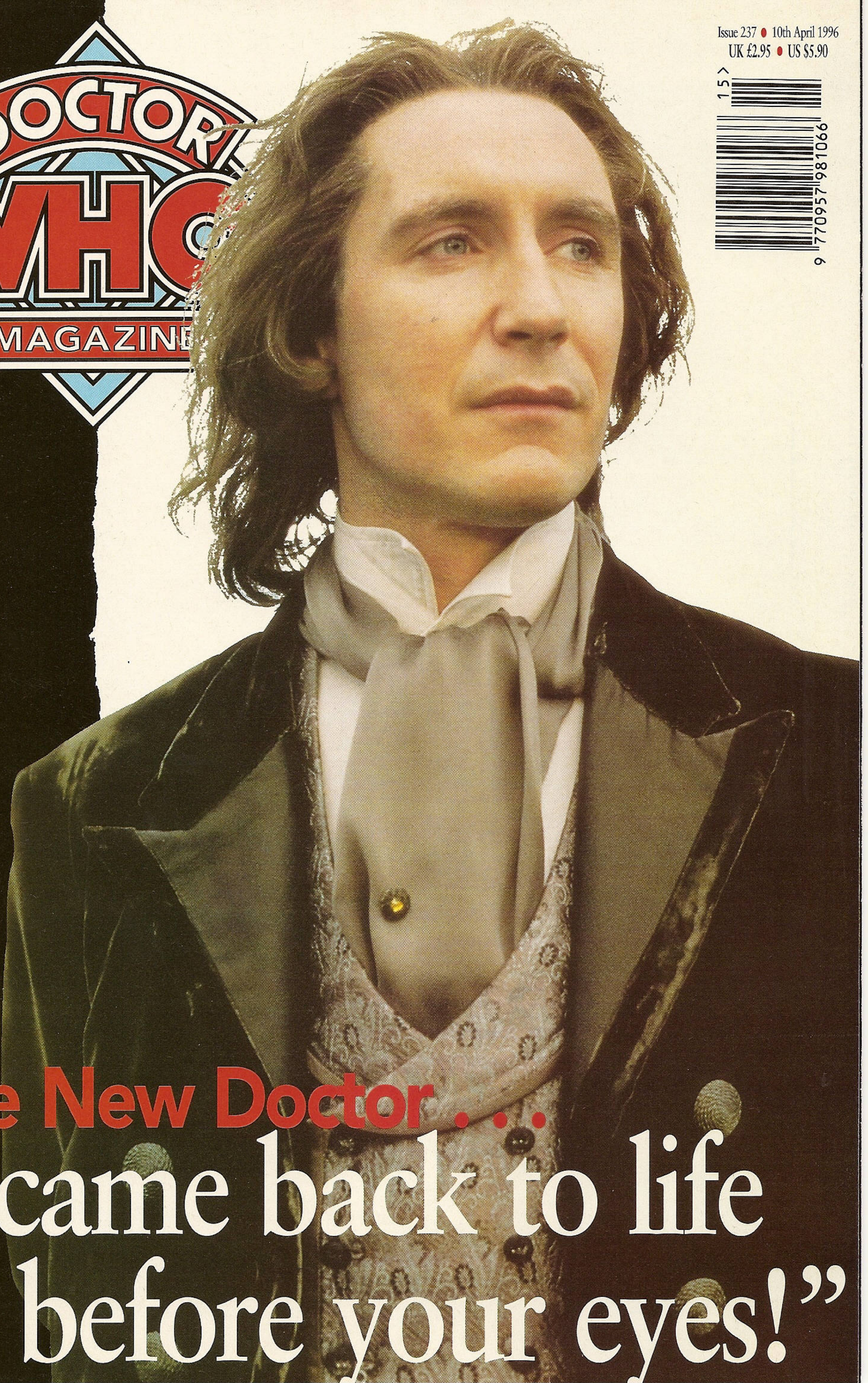
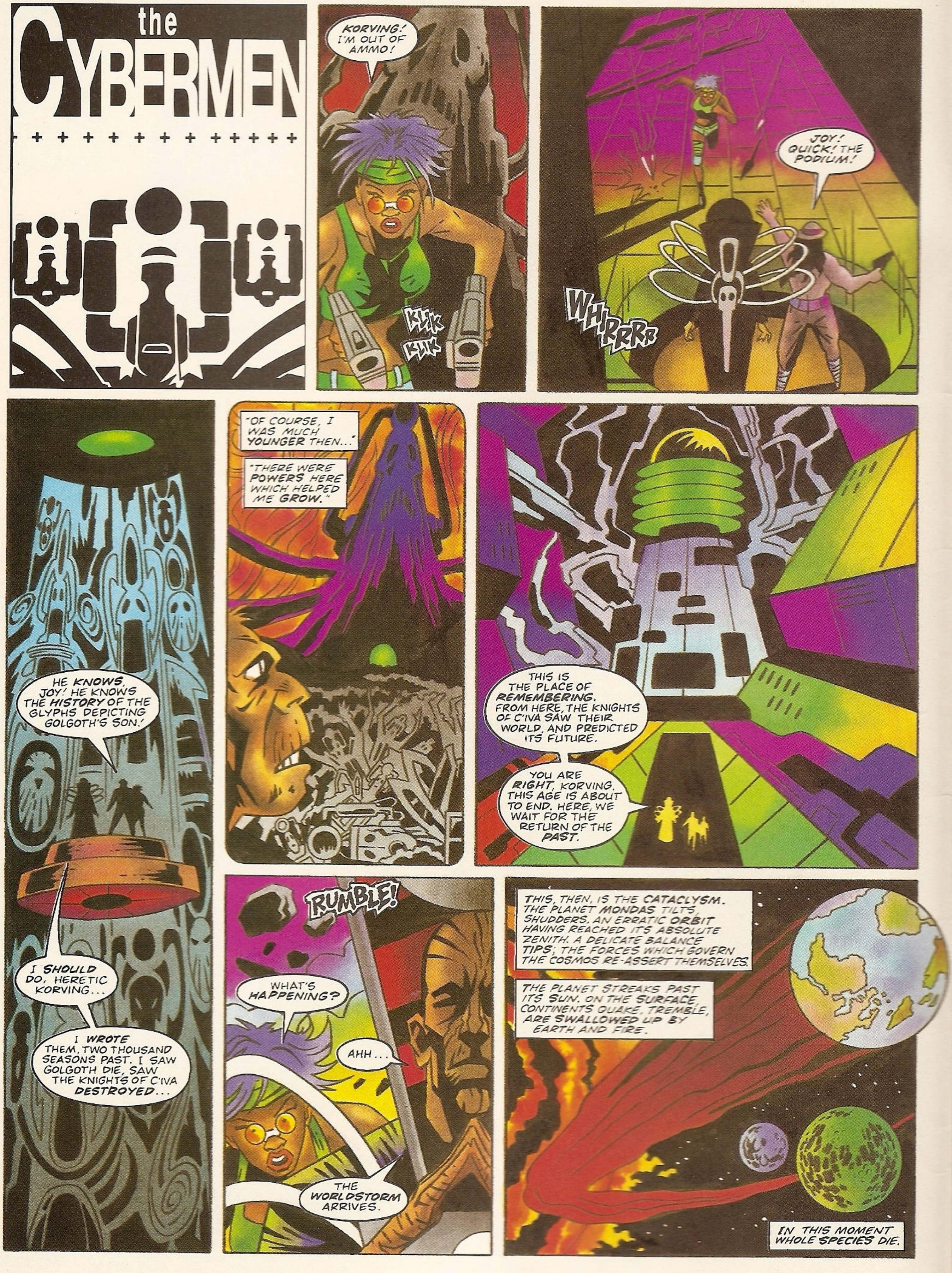


The New Doctor . . .

"I came back to life before your eyes!"


the CYBERMEN
KORVING! I'M OUT OF AMMO!
KLIK KLIK
JOY! QUICK! THE PODIUM!
WHIRRRR
HE KNOWS, JOY! HE KNOWS THE HISTORY OF THE GLYPHS DEPICTING GOLGOTH'S SON!
I SHOULD DO, HERETIC KORVING...
I WROTE THEM, TWO THOUSAND SEASONS PAST. I SAW GOLGOTH DIE, SAW THE KNIGHTS OF C'IVA DESTROYED...
"OF COURSE, I WAS MUCH YOUNGER THEN..."
"THERE WERE POWERS HERE WHICH HELPED ME GROW."
THIS IS THE PLACE OF REMEMBERING. FROM HERE, THE KNIGHTS OF C'IVA SAW THEIR WORLD, AND PREDICTED ITS FUTURE.
YOU ARE RIGHT, KORVING. THIS AGE IS ABOUT TO END. HERE, WE WAIT FOR THE RETURN OF THE PAST.
RUMBLE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AHH...
THE WORLDSTORM ARRIVES.
THIS, THEN, IS THE CATACLYSM. THE PLANET MONDAS TILTS, SHUDDERS. AN ERRATIC ORBIT HAVING REACHED ITS ABSOLUTE ZENITH. A DELICATE BALANCE TIPS; THE FORCES WHICH GOVERN THE COSMOS RE-ASSERT THEMSELVES.
THE PLANET STREAKS PAST ITS SUN. ON THE SURFACE, CONTINENTS QUAKE, TREMBLE, ARE SWALLOWED UP BY EARTH AND FIRE.
IN THIS MOMENT WHOLE SPECIES DIE.

I'm typing this at 9.58am on a muggy London morning. Gary Gillatt will probably just be collapsing in the direction of his hotel bed in Vancouver, Canada, after a strenuous – but no doubt exhilarating – first day interviewing the cast and crew of the new *Doctor Who* TV movie. Some of his efforts can be seen in this issue's *Gallifrey Guardian* on-set report; the rest will follow over the course of the next few editions of *DWM*, providing the most comprehensive and in-depth coverage of *Doctor Who*'s rebirth imaginable. Hey, were you expecting anything less from us?

I've lost count of the times I've looked up from my desk to find Gary slumped over the keyboard, grumbling that he had nothing to say in the editorial that month. I've always prompted him to remind himself – and you – why *Doctor Who* has such a personal significance to millions of viewers of all ages: this is why you've occasionally been witness to tales of the brilliance of K9 or the trauma of Sarah Jane Smith's departure. Of course, you won't catch *me* doing that. Oh dear me, no.

Oh, all right then.

Most fans have a clear first memory of *Doctor Who*, and I'm no exception: I was four years old, and sat transfixed as a man braved a blizzard as he attempted to break into a large box. Strange figures appeared on the horizon. The man warned them to stay back, and fired his gun, to no effect. They smashed him to the ground. The camera panned up to reveal horrific, ghost-like faces. Yep, it was the cliffhanger to *The Tenth Planet* Episode 1, and I was firmly inducted into the behind-the-sofa club . . .

The Cybermen have always been my favourite baddies, and one of my most enjoyable tasks on *DWM* has been working with Alan Barnes and Adrian Salmon on their long-running comic-strip Cyber-saga. Next issue sees the final instalment, as the children of Mondas face their inevitable – and terrible – destiny. I strongly suggest that long-time followers go back now and re-read the chapters from *DWM* 215-up: you'll be treated to one of the most innovative comic stories to come out of the UK for many a year. I'm pleased to report that while *The Cybermen* may be coming to an end, the tale of Golgoth and his "son" still has a future – keep watching the Next Issue boxes. Alan, Adrian and ace letterer Peri Godbold – take a bow . . .

Scott

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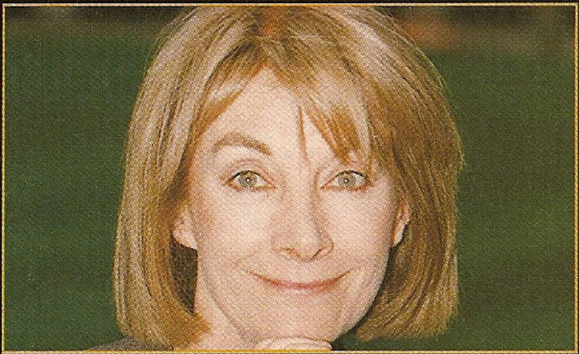

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to: **Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics Ltd., Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5TZ, England. Entries must arrive by second post on 29th May 1996.

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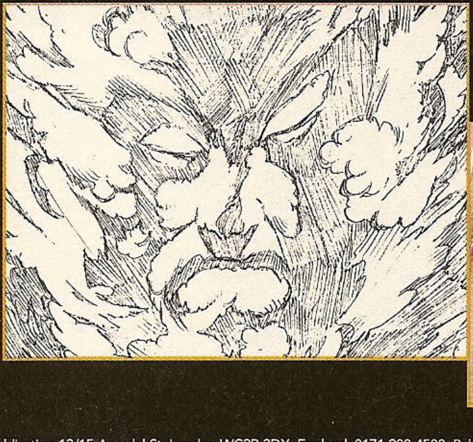

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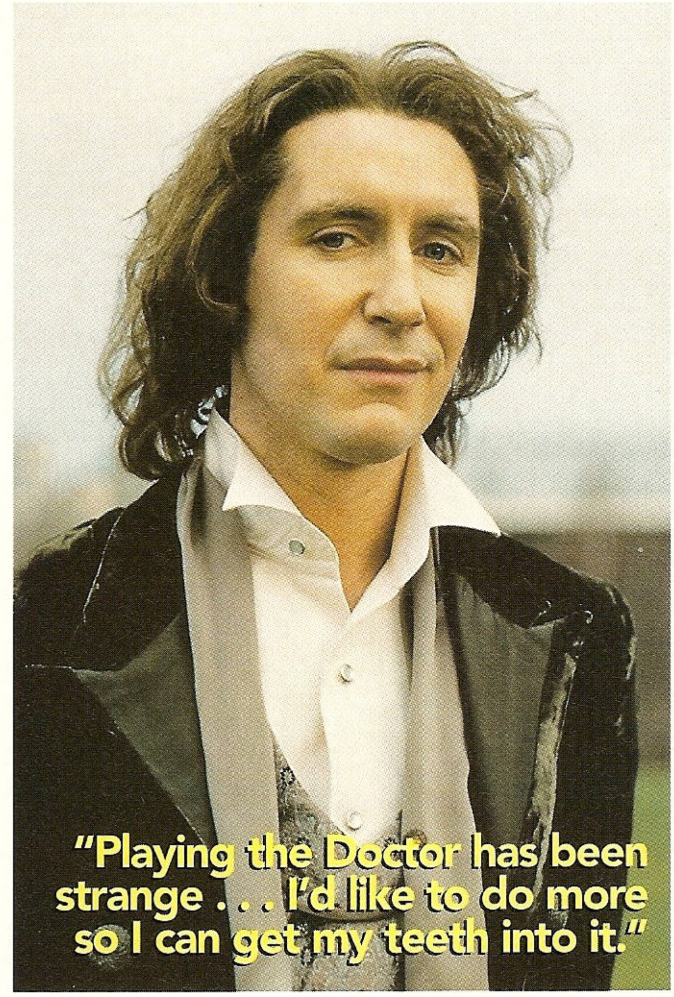
Gallifrey Guardian

Doctor Who TV movie in post-production; backers have option for new series

Five more years of *Doctor Who?*

On set for the new *Doctor Who* TV movie in Vancouver, Canada, executive producer Philip Segal confirmed to DWM that the Universal Television/BBC Worldwide co-production deal, and new Doctor Paul McGann's personal contract, contain an option for five years of a *Doctor Who* television series. If developed, the series would most likely take the form of individual forty-five-minute self-contained episodes (one hour in the US) with strong linking storylines; a format used successfully by many US drama series including *The X Files* and *Babylon 5*. This option will only be exercised, however, if the TV movie is judged a success by all parties involved.



"Playing the Doctor has been strange . . . I'd like to do more so I can get my teeth into it."

The production has been co-funded on a fifty-fifty split by BBC Worldwide and Universal Television. Universal has sold the rights to the US screening of the film to the Fox Network, who will broadcast it almost immediately after they take delivery of the finished production in the first half of May.

In Britain, BBC Worldwide has licensed the film to BBC1 who have scheduled it for an autumn transmission, when they believe the largest possible audience will be reached. This delay will not affect BBC Worldwide's plans to release the film on sell-through video as soon as possible, on or around the transmission date. BBC Video's production and distribution departments are geared up for a rush release; they hope to have copies of the film in the high-street shops within two weeks of receiving the final edited and dubbed master print of the film. A major promotional campaign is planned.

BBC Worldwide has responded to press criticism that they are "cashing in" on the fans' desire to see the new film as soon as possible: they point out that it is their substantial investment that has allowed the new film to be produced and that they need to secure a financial return to allow more to be made. Worldwide also explained that it has no influence over BBC1's scheduling decisions.

It appears, therefore, that the commissioning of a new series will only be guaranteed if the pilot film achieves four things: a high rating when it premieres on the Fox Network; good sales when released on video; a high rating when broadcast on BBC1 and successful sales to other territories such as Australia and New Zealand, which are currently being negotiated by BBC Worldwide and Universal.

Although no final decision on the future of the series will be taken until after the BBC screening in the autumn, much will depend upon the size of audience the show attracts when it is broadcast on Fox; its fate may effectively be decided long before the British public have a chance to view the film. Philip Segal stated, "The night after the first screening will be the big one. I'll be as anxious as everybody else, waiting for the figures to come in." All partners have an option on a series until Christmas.

Taking time out from filming his final scenes, an exhausted Paul McGann told DWM, "The ratings will be what we're judged by, but the future of the series also seems to be contingent on whether the 'Big Cheeses' like it – that's the impression I get. We've been getting good feedback though; we've been receiving flowers from Hollywood every day, so we must be doing something right. We're getting a good vibe, and we're having a laugh doing it.

"Playing the Doctor has been strange, trying to find the right level. I spend half of the film not knowing who I am, so the character's not even there. It's a learning process for me. I'd like to do more so I can get my teeth into it, and work with the Doctor."

Daphne Ashbrook, who plays Dr Grace Holloway and effectively serves as the Doctor's companion in this pilot film, is equally optimistic: "There's been a good feeling coming down – everyone's sure we've got a hit. If it goes to a series, I'd love to come along and see the universe with the Doctor."

Philip Segal is more pragmatic, however: "The bottom line is that the fans have to spread the word, and people have to tune in. This has to be huge, but I firmly believe it has that potential."

The response of all parties to the raw, unedited footage has so far been very positive, and both BBC Worldwide and the production team are optimistic for the future of *Doctor Who*.

Preview

"He's back – and it's about time."

Please note that this preview contains some story details.

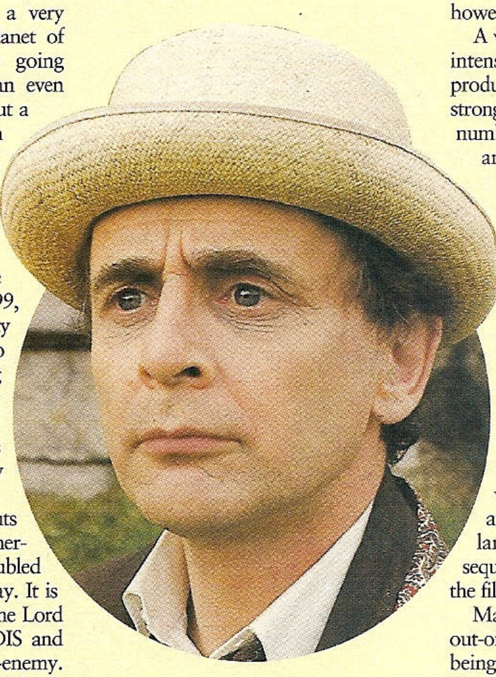
Travelling alone in the TARDIS, the Seventh Doctor is delivering a very special cargo to his home planet of Gallifrey. All seems to be going smoothly, and the Doctor can even take a few minutes to relax. But a dark power is at work, one with greedy and sinister plans for the Time Lord. The TARDIS falls under its malign influence, causing an emergency crash-landing on Earth . . .

It is San Francisco on the night of December 30th 1999, and the inhabitants of the city are preparing for the party to end all parties. They are looking forward to a new start in a new millenium, but the Master is back on Earth, and to save his own life he is willing to destroy the world . . .

A chain of circumstances puts a newly-regenerated and vulnerable Doctor in the care of troubled cardiologist Dr Grace Holloway. It is only with her help that the Time Lord can hope to repair the TARDIS and stop the plans of his arch-enemy. However, saving the future of Earth may demand the ultimate sacrifice . . .

This, then, is the scenario of the first new *Doctor Who* adventure in nearly seven years. It seems traditional enough, and indeed the story goes to great lengths to capture the spirit and magic of *Doctor Who*, but it also contains many new elements and ideas which will make it as exciting and different for the seasoned fan as it will for the millions of new viewers this project will reach. For example, the story uses the regeneration as an opportunity to explore the Doctor's character and reveal some startling new facts about his background . . .

The new production draws heavily upon the history and traditions of the series, but does not shirk from occasionally re-moulding them for a new audience where necessary. Long-time fans will notice strong echoes of such stories as *Spearhead from Space* and *The Deadly Assassin*; a measure of how closely the production team have studied some of *Doctor Who*'s finest moments before preparing the new adventure.



The Seventh Doctor: a smarter look for his final outing . . .

Visual continuity with previous episodes is strong, and fans will recognise countless familiar designs and motifs: Sylvester McCoy wears a smarter version of his old costume; Paul McGann's clothes were inspired by William Hartnell's original look and Eric Roberts' Master wears a costume strongly influenced by both Roger Delgado's Nehru jacket and traditional Time Lord robes.

Main first unit filming was completed in Vancouver on Wednesday 21st February, three days having been added to the initial schedule. The script had been amended and polished on an almost daily basis as director Geoffrey Sax and his cast explored the details of the story and characters. Almost all material featuring the Daleks was removed from the script at an early stage, the famous monsters being saved for a future adventure. They still make their presence felt in the opening moments of the film, however.

A wrap party marked the end of an intensive five-and-a-half weeks of production for the cast and nearly 100-strong crew, which had included a number of gruelling sixteen-hour days and a large amount of night shooting.

Vancouver has a busy movie industry. For some years it has been the preferred choice of many film makers keen to avoid the high costs of Hollywood productions. It has an amenable City Authority, a favourable exchange rate and its buildings have a wide range of architectural styles, allowing it to double for a number of US cities. The production team used a variety of waterfront, Chinatown and city-centre locations, particularly for an ambitious action sequence that occurs in the middle of the film.

Massive sets were constructed in an out-of-town aircraft hangar, the largest being the TARDIS Control and Cloister Rooms, both of a previously unattempted scale for *Doctor Who*. The focus of the Control Room is a spectacularly-detailed central console, the wood-and-steel look of which is inspired by the works of HG Wells and Jules Verne.

Forthcoming issues of DWM will include a wide range of exclusive material on the new film, including interviews with the actors who have brought to life the new Doctor, the new Master and the go-getting Dr Grace Holloway, plus the director, writer, producer and a large number of the behind-the-scenes personnel. Don't miss it . . .

Meanwhile . . .

Outside the spaceship

Peter Davison is touring in *Dial M For Murder* until 11th May – look out for it in your town.

Colin Baker's tour of *Great Expectations – The Musical* now ends on 6th April, the last two weeks having been cancelled due to changes in Darren Day's schedule. Colin starts a new tour playing a demented fish and chip shop owner in *Fear of Frying* commencing 6th May in Epsom.

Full details of these shows will appear when normal *Outside The Spaceship* service is resumed next issue.

BBC VIDEO

Contrary to the previous report in last issue's *Gallifrey Guardian*, BBC Video has not deleted its entire line of *Doctor Who* videos – the majority of stories will now remain available from retailers. Here is a complete list of the titles that *have* been deleted, however, and will no longer be available for re-order:

The Trial of a Time Lord
The Ark in Space
The Brain of Morbius
The Chase
City of Death
The Curse of Fenric
The Daleks
Day of the Daleks
Death to the Daleks
The Dominators
The Five Doctors
The Hand of Fear
The Dalek Invasion of Earth
The Krotons
The Mind Robber
Planet of the Spiders
Pyramids of Mars
Remembrance of the Daleks
The Robots of Death
The Sontaran Experiment/
Genesis of the Daleks
Spearhead from Space
The Talons of Weng-Chiang
Terror of the Zygons
The Three Doctors
The Time Warrior
An Unearthly Child
The War Games
The Web Planet

New Virgin fiction and non-fiction

Virgin books has added a number of new titles to its 1996 schedule.

The October *Missing Adventure* will be *Speed of Flight* by Paul Leonard, and will feature the Third Doctor, Jo Grant and Mike Yates. Paul is the author of the soon-to-be-published Third Doctor novel *The Eye of the Giant* (reviewed this issue).

This will be followed in November by *The Plotters*, an historical adventure with no science fiction elements featuring the First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki. The book comes from the pen of the prolific Gareth Roberts, and explores the Doctor's involvement with Guido Fawkes' 'gunpowder plot' of 1605.

As a special publication for Christmas, *Doctor Who – The Completely Uselesss Encyclopaedia* by Steve Lyons and Chris Howarth is promised to be a witty and irreverent look at *Doctor Who* and the way it is studied.

In January Virgin publish the second part of Jon Pertwee's autobiography, entitled *I am the Doctor*. Virgin non-fiction author David Howe has been working closely with the actor on the preparation of this volume.

Shown here are the covers to *Decalog 3*, the short-story collection due to be published in July, with a cover painting by Colin Howard; the same month's *Missing Adventure*, *The Scales of Injustice* by Gary Russell, featuring the artwork of Andrew Skilleter; and David A McIntee's August *Missing Adventure*, *The Shadow of Weng Chiang*, with a painting by Alister Pearson.

Doctor Who
DECALOG
3
CONSEQUENCES
TEN STORIES
SEVEN DOCTORS
ONE CHAIN OF EVENTS
EDITED BY ANDY LANE & JUSTIN RICHARDS
DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE SCALES OF INJUSTICE
GARY RUSSELL
DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE SHADOW OF WENG-CHIANG
DAVID A. McINTEE

SARA KINGDOM

SPACE SECURITY AGENT!

Jean Marsh shares her memories of her three *Doctor Who* roles with Steve Lyons and Chris Howarth.

THE TWO CROOKS WHO TRIED TO ROB SARA KINGDOM WERE UNAWARE THAT SHE POSSESSED THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN...

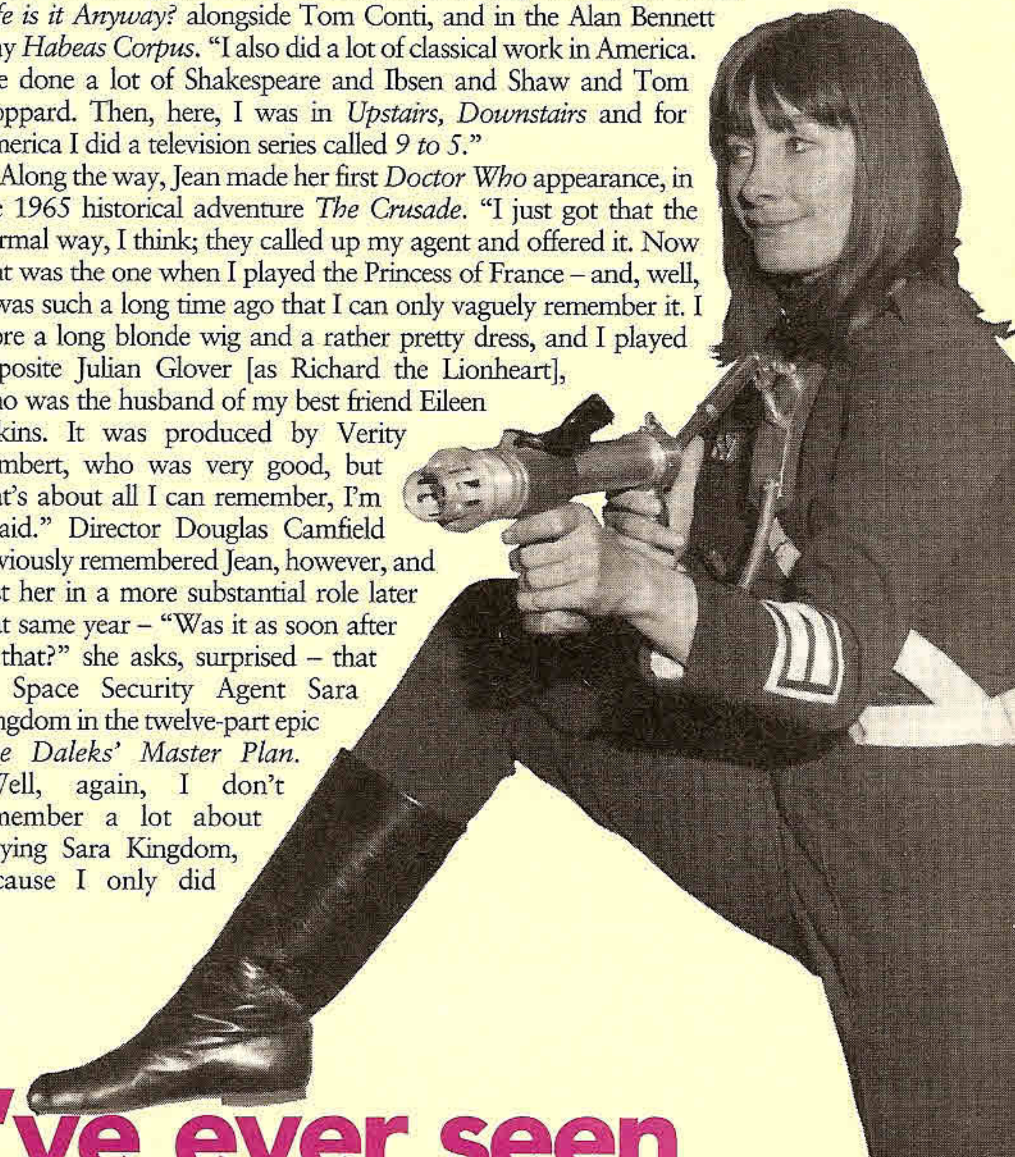
With a list of *Doctor Who* credits spanning three decades – a major role as Joanna in 1965's *The Crusade*, the part of the ill-fated Sara Kingdom in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, and an appearance as the inter-dimensional sorceress Morgaine in 1989's *Battlefield* – actress and writer Jean Marsh has, nevertheless, a surprising confession to make. "I'm not too sure that I've ever seen any *Doctor Who*, actually," she claims. "I hardly ever watch television at all, and I never have . . ."

Born in 1935, Jean's desire to go into showbusiness was fired at an early age. "I went to dancing school and I suppose the idea was that I would be a ballerina. I certainly wasn't good enough, but I knew immediately that, whatever I was going to do, it was going to be in the arts. Basically," she confides, "I couldn't imagine doing anything else."

She worked briefly as a model before being spotted for a stage role as a cat in *Pardon My Claws*. She spent a number of years in rep, and made several minor film appearances, often as a dancer; it was in this capacity that she met her future husband – and a future Doctor – Jon Pertwee on the set of 1953's *Will Any Gentleman?*, a film notable for also featuring the talents of the First Doctor, William Hartnell. Unfortunately, the marriage to Pertwee didn't last.

She finds it difficult to recall her other early acting jobs: "They were so long ago, and I've never kept a CV. I've worked in the theatre a lot, and, as you probably know, I've lived in America and worked there a great deal. I did my first play on Broadway when I was twenty-two – I was in John Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which he also starred in – and then I stayed in America for another three years and did my first television, which was with Laurence Olivier, called *The Moon and Sixpence*." Shortly after, Jean made her telefantasy debut in a very early *Twilight Zone* episode, *The Lonely*, in which she played female android Alicia, the subject of a gaoled prisoner's attentions. In addition, Broadway beckoned once more, with runs in *Whose Life is it Anyway?* alongside Tom Conti, and in the Alan Bennett play *Habeas Corpus*. "I also did a lot of classical work in America. I've done a lot of Shakespeare and Ibsen and Shaw and Tom Stoppard. Then, here, I was in *Upstairs, Downstairs* and for America I did a television series called *9 to 5*."

Along the way, Jean made her first *Doctor Who* appearance, in the 1965 historical adventure *The Crusade*. "I just got that the normal way, I think; they called up my agent and offered it. Now that was the one when I played the Princess of France – and, well, it was such a long time ago that I can only vaguely remember it. I wore a long blonde wig and a rather pretty dress, and I played opposite Julian Glover [as Richard the Lionheart], who was the husband of my best friend Eileen Atkins. It was produced by Verity Lambert, who was very good, but that's about all I can remember, I'm afraid." Director Douglas Camfield obviously remembered Jean, however, and cast her in a more substantial role later that same year – "Was it as soon after as that?" she asks, surprised – that of Space Security Agent Sara Kingdom in the twelve-part epic *The Daleks' Master Plan*. "Well, again, I don't remember a lot about playing Sara Kingdom, because I only did



"I'm not too sure that I've ever seen any *Doctor Who*, actually,"

Top right: The death of Sara Kingdom in *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Photos © BBC

Right: Jean Marsh (on the left) in rehearsals for *Will Any Gentleman*, with Jon Pertwee and Lillemor Knudsen.

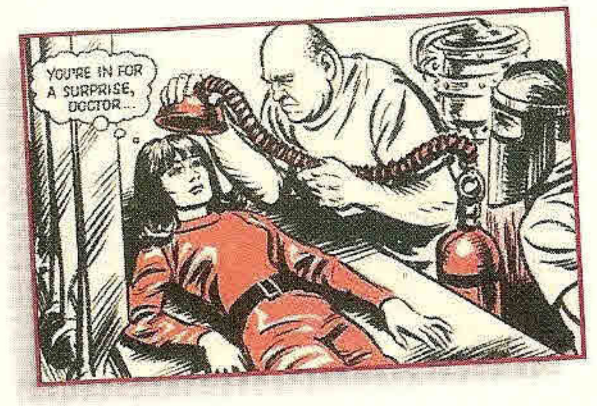
Below: Jean Marsh as Joanna in *The Crusade*, with William Hartnell and Maureen O'Brien. Photo © BBC Video

Centre: The Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Morgaine (Jean Marsh) draw swords in *Battlefield*. Photo © BBC

Far right: Jean Marsh as Sara Kingdom on board the TARDIS.

eight or nine episodes," she says, "but I didn't do an audition or anything, somebody just called up and asked if I wanted to do it. Probably, Verity and Douglas thought I'd be good at doing that without my blonde wig on!

"I do remember laughing too much and being sent off the set to control my giggles," she recalls. "I was in the TARDIS and I was supposed to start it off, but the sets weren't very well-made and the button came off in my hand. I laughed so much that the director got very cross with me and sent me to my dressing-room. He told me, 'Don't come back until you've controlled yourself,' and I remember thinking, 'That might be a long time!' I was wearing a brown stretchy suit and I had on a belt with a sort of brown leather bag clipped to it, which was supposed to hold my ray gun and the key to the TARDIS and things like that – only, of course, it didn't. Somebody had to say to me, 'Oh, Sara, get me your ray gun out' or something like that, and I had to fish for it – and in my bag was a tomato sandwich that I'd been eating in my dressing room. My fingers went right into the sandwich and I couldn't pick anything up! So I seem to remember that I was a bit naughty in that one, but I did enjoy doing it. I got on very well with William Hartnell and it was quite a lot of fun."


YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE, DOCTOR...

Dalekmania was at its height when Jean starred in the monsters' longest serial. "I thought the voices were good, the distorted voices," she says. "There was also a very good character called Celation, who had to pump himself up to speak. I thought that was rather clever. But frankly, although I liked doing it, it's not really my cup of tea to watch anyway. It's like with all my bits playing witches later on, they're not things that I would necessarily watch, so I can't say I'm an expert on them. I do remember that the Dalek machines were very popular on the set, because you weren't allowed to smoke on set, so people would borrow a Dalek machine and go inside for a quick smoke. You'd be able to see the smoke coming out of them!"

Jean's casting as Sara caused a lot of press interest, with all the indications being that she was to become a long-running regular. Was this ever on the cards? "No," she answers definitely, "and I wouldn't have done that. I liked playing Sara Kingdom and it was quite fun, but I do think that eight episodes was enough. There's something about things like *Doctor Who* that, if you do them, you become a celebrity rather than an actor. If that's what you want, then it's fine – but if you stay in those things for too long, you can't really go back to doing Shakespeare or go on to do other parts, because you get identified very quickly. So I wouldn't have gone on with it." Why all the publicity then? "It's just chance with these things. You can try to get things a lot of publicity and you can spend a lot of money and you can get everybody posing for photographs and people won't necessarily print them. So that got a lot of publicity, not necessarily because of their planning, but for various other reasons. It might have been a thin publicity time or something, you can't account for it. I think also that I'd fairly recently come back from New York, so people were quite interested in what I was going to do."

Her short tenure ended with one of the series' most impressive death scenes: at the story's climax, Sara fell victim to radiation and aged away before the eyes of the nation. "It was very interesting to do that. It wasn't all me, of course; it was me dressed up as myself at first, and then getting older and more decrepit, and then I think the last two bits were done by an older woman, made up to look like me. It was very cleverly planned." It was also a difficult and time-consuming effect. "To make you up very old is easy, but to make you up just a bit older and a bit older is difficult; I mean, I can't remember how old I was at the time but adding just five years is very hard – to add fifty is easier. So it was really a lot of talent on behalf of the make-up people that made that work."

Sara Kingdom's death didn't prevent the character from appearing in comic strip form in the following year's *Dalek Outer Space Book* (panels of which appear in this feature), nor did it dissuade Terry Nation from including her as the main human star in an outline for a proposed American Dalek TV series. "I didn't know that," Jean admits, "or if I did, I've forgotten. I often find, actually, that *Doctor Who* fans know more about the programme than I do. I get photographs sent to me to sign and I'm always quite interested. I think, 'Oh, I've never seen that one before!'" Would she have done such a series? "I might have done it, for a short time, for fun – but I wouldn't have done it for five years or anything."

One series which Jean did stay in for five years was London Weekend's popular drama *Upstairs, Downstairs*, which she also co-created. "Eileen Atkins and I wrote the original idea and we simply based it loosely on our own backgrounds. We both come from working class families in London and we both had parents who had been servants, so we created something based in the past, and based on our parents. I wanted to play Rose the maid, so I had it in my contract that I would play her if we sold the series. I didn't write any of the episodes, though. There were about twelve writers on it altogether." How did Jean feel about taking on a regular character? "It is nice to do a regular part, because after all, it's a bit like working in a company, at the National Theatre or something. You get used to the other actors and life is a bit simpler. But then, I don't think I ever want to do a long television series again. I wouldn't mind doing a short television series, but not a long one. There's the excitement of starting something afresh, which one misses when you're in a regular series."

True to her word, she didn't appear in her next creation, the lavish BBC costume drama *The House of Elliott*. "There wasn't a part for me, really. I was too old to play one of the young girls and there wasn't anything else." Again, Jean sold a series outline rather than taking on the writing chores – "but, when the series finished, I decided to write the book of it, and I wrote my own version rather than basing it on the scripts that other people had written."

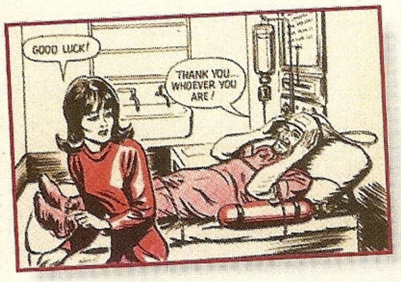
The success of *Upstairs, Downstairs* made Jean's name in America as well as in the UK; she is one of the few people who seems to find work effortlessly in both countries. "It's a bit more luxurious here inasmuch as you get more rehearsal time, so the work is easier to do," she considers, "and there, it's more luxurious because you get more money! The last thing I did in America was a part in *Murder, She Wrote* with Angela Lansbury, and that was lovely because you get flown first class to Los Angeles and you get put in the best hotel there – and Angela Lansbury's a wonderful person to work with, she's terribly nice. Here, you tend to get a bus to work – but otherwise, it's not that much different."

Jean was pleased to return to *Doctor Who* when offered a new and more nasty role in the 1989 Sylvester McCoy story *Battlefield*. "I loved doing that one. Those four episodes were very good, very well-written and they had some very good actors in them. I had a wonderful time doing it. Again, I was a bit naughty and I laughed a lot, but the director, Michael Kerrigan, was very good about it. He gave us permission to laugh and we were a bit naughty and played around a bit, but he also had a lot of good authority. He didn't shout or anything, but he was the kind of proper director that can keep you under control as well. He would let us have our fun and then he would put his foot down and say, 'No, no, we're here for a serious reason.' I did think the scripts were very good and I thought I had a wonderful part. Morgaine was a wicked woman, an evil woman, but I had space there to make her human as well."

"There's something about things like *Doctor Who* that, if you do them, you become a celebrity rather than an actor."

Morgaine bore more than a passing resemblance to Morgana, another take on Morgan Le Fey, whom Jean had played in that year's TV movie *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, an updated version of the Mark Twain novel. "It was very different, obviously, and it was mainly shot in Budapest, but again, it was a very good part and very interesting. I suppose it was just a coincidence that I did both of

"I played about five witches in a row and I was getting a bit upset. I thought, 'I'm quite nice really!'"


GOOD LUCK!
THANK YOU... WHOEVER YOU ARE!

those. It was a bit odd, because I played about five witches in a row and I was getting a bit upset. I thought, 'I'm quite nice really!'" Jean played similar harridans in the films *Return to Oz* (1984) and *Willow* (1988): "I do remember that the director of one of the films I appeared in as a witch said that I've got a sort of delicate face, and the surprise of my power coming out of that delicate face is why I play witches well. It's a bit more of a shock than having somebody who looks more witchlike."

Jean saw little similarity between the *Doctor Who* of the Sixties and its latter-day counterpart. "The sets were much better, it was taken much more seriously and much more effort was put into it. It's not that I didn't enjoy the other episodes, I thought they were good, but the last four were of a very high standard and I figure that they were the best of the ones I did." One thing that hadn't changed was the presence of Nicholas Courtney: he had played Sara Kingdom's brother, Bret Vyon, in *The Daleks' Master Plan* and fought her as the Brigadier in *Battlefield*. "Yes, I suppose that was just another coincidence. And, as another bit of trivia, Peter Purves' son, Matthew, was one of the assistant floor managers on *Battlefield*."

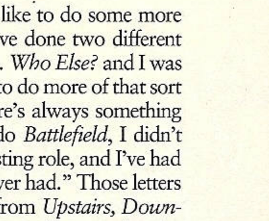
Remaining within the domain of telefantasy, Jean made a recent appearance in the updated *Tomorrow People*. "Oh yes, yes, that was very good," she recalls enthusiastically. "I played a very strange and unpleasant doctor called Culex – and yes, you see, there again, I was cast as an evil, horrible woman!"

Below: Jean Marsh as Morgaine and, **right**, with the cast of *Battlefield*: Christopher Bowen (Mordred), Sylvester McCoy (the Doctor), Sophie Aldred (Ace), Nicholas Courtney (the Brigadier) and James Ellis (Peter Warmsly). Photo © BBC

Far right, below: Jean Marsh today.

Does Jean have any ambitions left? "Yes, I'd like to do some more modern stuff really, and I like doing comedy. I've done two different comedy series recently: I was in *Rory Bremner . . . Who Else?* and I was in the Alexei Sayle series as well, but I would like to do more of that sort of thing. But really, I just like working, and there's always something interesting to do. I mean, when I said yes, I'd do *Battlefield*, I didn't know that it would turn out to be such an interesting role, and I've had some of the nicest fan letters from that that I've ever had." Those letters are still coming in, even now. "I get most of all from *Upstairs, Downstairs*, but I do get a lot from *Doctor Who*, and – usually – people who write to me about *Battlefield* remember Sara Kingdom because they've been watching all the time. They are very faithful fans, *Doctor Who* people. They're also very good critics: I've had lovely letters from people saying that I was the best wicked person to have been in the programme. I think that's because I did make the character more humane, but then that's a lot to do with the director permitting me to do that as well.

"At the moment, I'm a bit more of a writer than an actress: I've almost finished my second novel, which is called *Fiennders Keepers* – Fiennders is the name of a family – and that's going to be published in the spring. It's a long country saga which goes from 1890 to 1990, and it's quite a lot to do with the class system which interests me very much. It's a long, unfolding story about two families and how their lives interact. It's humorous, I hope, and quite surprising. I've been writing that for about ten months, so I haven't done much acting recently. The last acting thing I did was a film called *Fatherland*, with Miranda Richardson, in which I play an evil Nazi. That was quite interesting, and it's out on video at the moment. I've also got a job in America which I go back and forth to. I introduce all the English television that a cable network over there, called Arts and Entertainment, buys in – so I have to go over about four times a year to record all that. I have a look at all the stuff and I help to write the links. It's an interesting job to do, and it means going over to New York a lot. I'm very fond of New York, so that suits me.



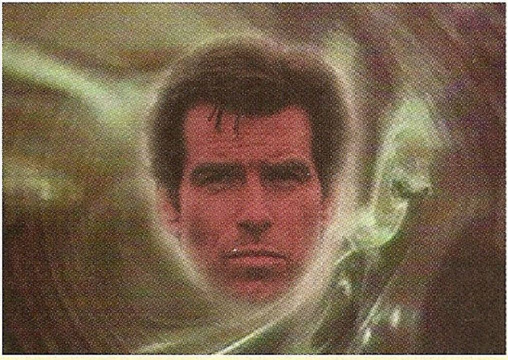
"When I've finished my book, I'd like to take a few weeks off, then I think what I'd like to do next is some theatre. I've been offered a play in New York and I hope I can fit that in, but quite honestly I just like working. I always choose the part rather than the medium, so if it's a good part for television or it's a good film or a good play or whatever, I'll do it. I don't have any feelings about any of them being superior, I just like doing all of them."

◆

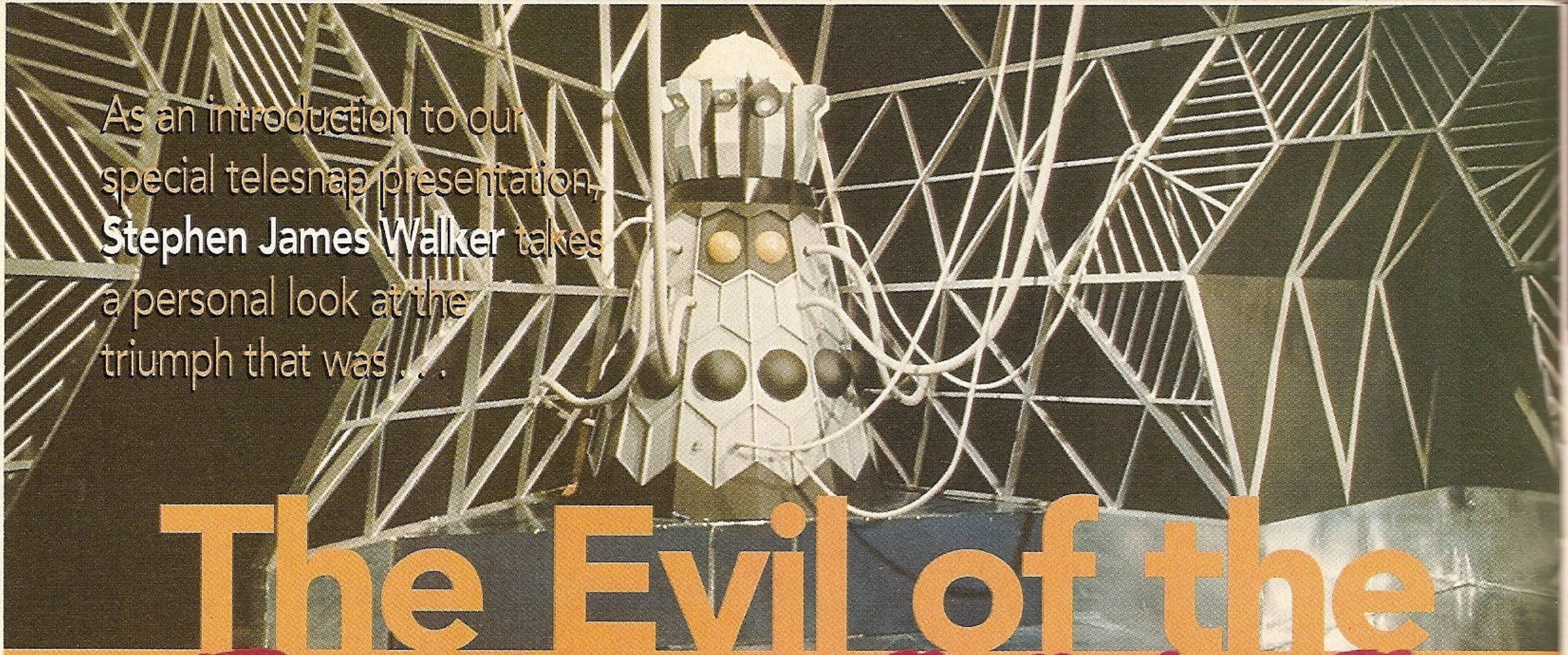
The James Bond film/*Doctor Who* continuum . . .
It's uncanny!

"THE NAME'S WHO, DOCTOR WHO. . ."

Compiled by THE MONITOR



1962-1963	The first Eon Productions James Bond film, *Dr No*, is released; it receives largely damning reviews. Good word-of-mouth spreads, however, and initially disappointing returns soon escalate. *Dr No* contains many science fiction elements; its follow-up, *From Russia With Love*, very few . . .	The first BBC TV *Doctor Who* episode, *An Unearthly Child*, is transmitted to initial disinterest. Good word-of-mouth spreads, however, and disappointing ratings soon escalate. The first storyline contains very few science fiction elements; its follow-up, *The Daleks*, many . . .
1964-1968	Bond fever hits a peak with *Goldfinger*, the science fiction-inflected formula of which is later duplicated in *Thunderball* and *You Only Live Twice*: the series' earlier espionage elements are sidelined in favour of OTT villainy. An alternative big-screen version – Charles K Feldman's *Casino Royale* – is awarded a less-than-rapturous reception. The original Bond, Sean Connery, announces his retirement from the role . . .	'Dalekmania' hits a peak with *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, the science fiction-inflected formula of which will be duplicated in many subsequent serials: the series' earlier historical elements are sidelined in favour of OTT villainy. Alternative big-screen versions – Milton Subotsky's Dalek films – are awarded a less-than-rapturous reception. The original Doctor, William Hartnell, announces his retirement from the role . . .
1969-1970	*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, featuring Connery's maligned replacement, George Lazenby, is released to diminished box-office returns. Lazenby bows out; the series' long-term future now hangs on his announced successor, John Gavin . . .	*The War Games*, the last serial to feature Hartnell's initially-maligned replacement, Patrick Troughton, is transmitted; the series' ratings have been falling for some years. Troughton bows out; the series' long-term future now hangs on his successor, Jon Pertwee . . .
1970-1979	Back to the future: the first Seventies film, *Diamonds Are Forever*, starring Connery, marks a return to the wild action-adventure formula introduced in *Goldfinger*. The Seventies mark an upswing in the series' fortunes: the next Bond, Roger Moore, proves immensely popular and, in 1979, audiences hit a new peak when the tongue-in-cheek *Moonraker* proves the highest-grossing film to date. Fans, however, express misgivings concerning the series' perceived lurch into comic territory . . .	Back to the future: the first Seventies serial, *Spearhead From Space*, starring Pertwee, marks a return to the Earthbound action-adventure formula introduced in *The Invasion*. The Seventies mark an upswing in the series' fortunes: the next Doctor, Tom Baker, proves immensely popular and, in 1979, audiences hit a new peak when the tongue-in-cheek *City of Death* proves the highest-rating story to date. Fans, however, express misgivings concerning the series' perceived lurch into comic territory . . .
1980-1986	The series enters a new decade with the infinitely more serious-minded *For Your Eyes Only*, and marks its Twenty-First Anniversary with Sean Connery's temporary return to the title role in the unofficial production, *Never Say Never Again*. Its renaissance is short-lived; by the time of 1985's *A View to a Kill*, the series' age is said to be beginning to show. Roger Moore retires . . .	The series enters a new decade with the infinitely more serious-minded *The Leisure Hive;* Baker accedes to Peter Davison, and the show marks its Twentieth Anniversary when previous Doctors are temporarily resurrected in the Australian co-production, *The Five Doctors*. Its renaissance is short-lived; by the time of 1985's Season Twenty-Two, BBC mandarins claim that the series' age is beginning to show. Davison's successor, Colin Baker, is retired . . .
1987-1989	In 1986 actor Timothy Dalton appears in *The Taming of the Shrew* with Sylvester McCoy. Soon after, he learns that he is to be the new Bond. Dalton's tenure is well-received by fans and commentators alike, but fails to reverse a declining trend in the series' box-office fortunes and, after 1989's *Licence To Kill*, the Bond films are 'rested' by backers United Artists . . .	In 1986 actor Sylvester McCoy appears in *The Taming of the Shrew* with Timothy Dalton. Soon after, he learns that he is to be the new Doctor. McCoy's tenure is well-received by fans and commentators alike, but fails to reverse a declining trend in the series' ratings and, after 1989's *Survival*, *Doctor Who* is 'rested' by the BBC . . .
1990-1996	The film series' Thirtieth Anniversary comes and goes with no concrete news of a return to full production. However, after a period of intense speculation over the identity of the new Bond, Pierce Brosnan finally picks up the mantle in 1995 (the earlier suggestion that patently unsuitable Australian Mel Gibson might be cast had met with widespread derision). Brosnan makes his debut in *Goldeneye*; the film is an outstanding success. And then . . .	The television series' Thirtieth Anniversary comes and goes with no concrete news of a return to full production. However, after a period of intense speculation over the identity of the new Doctor, Paul McGann finally picks up the mantle in 1996 (the earlier suggestion that patently unsuitable Californian David Hasselhoff might be cast had met with widespread derision). McGann makes his debut in a TV movie in May. And then . . .



As an introduction to our special telesnap presentation, **Stephen James Walker** takes a personal look at the triumph that was . . .

The Evil of the DALEKS

"The final end . . ." whispers the Doctor as the seventh and final episode of *The Evil of the Daleks* draws to a close.

The momentous event to which he is referring is the ultimate destruction (or so he thinks) of his old enemies the Daleks in a devastating civil war that has reduced their gleaming metal city to a smouldering ruin. Coming at the conclusion of *Doctor Who*'s fourth season – the season that had seen it successfully negotiating its crucial first change of lead actor – it can also be said to have marked the end of the first major chapter in the series' long history.

This sense of closure was engendered not only by the apparent destruction of the Daleks, but also in the way the story harked back to the series' roots and showcased many of the elements that had contributed towards its early success. In taking the unusual course of splitting the action between three very different settings – Earth in the present, Earth in the past and an alien planet in the future – it provided an excellent illustration of the flexibility afforded by the concept of space and time travel and encompassed all the principal story types established within the basic *Doctor Who* format. It even saw the Doctor revisiting the Daleks' home planet, Skaro, the scene of his original encounter with them in the second transmitted story. Such return visits may now seem unremarkable, but in 1967 this was thrilling stuff.

Also reminiscent of the series' roots was the fact that the Doctor appeared during certain parts of the story to be acting in a decidedly furtive and suspect manner. More so than at any other time since the early part of the first season, he seemed an enigmatic and potentially dangerous figure with a distinctly dark side to his nature. His companion, the young Scot Jamie, was even moved on one occasion to denounce him as being 'too callous' and threatened to part company with him as soon as they reached their next destination – an echo of feelings expressed by the Doctor's original human companions, Ian and Barbara, in the early days of their travels in the TARDIS. The Doctor's dispassionate manipulation of individuals and events in order to bring about the Daleks' destruction – the sort of scheming now more commonly associated with his seventh incarnation than with his second – provided an effective reminder of his alien qualities. "I am not a student of human nature," he comments at one point, "I am a professor of a far wider academy of which human nature is merely part."

David Whitaker, *Doctor Who*'s original story editor, was an ideal person to script this virtual homage to the series' own ethos. As one of the small group of individuals responsible for developing the format in the first place, he understood perhaps better than any other writer what it was that made it so successful and gave it its unique appeal. His scripts for the story were superbly crafted, recounting a suspenseful and epic tale with a wealth of striking images and memorable dialogue. Particularly outstanding were his compelling and finely-drawn characters, including the naively misguided scientist Edward Waterfield and his innocent young daughter Victoria; the ruthless entrepreneur Theodore Maxtible, obsessed with the alchemist's dream of transforming base metal into gold; Maxtible's prim, deluded daughter Ruth; her hapless suitor Arthur Terrall, driven half-insane by the Daleks' malign influence; the mute Turkish wrestler Kemel; and, of course, the Daleks themselves – radiating evil.

The story's production values were also high. The scenes set in Victorian England, evoking impressions of sources as diverse as HG Wells and Lewis Carroll, were especially well-realised, consistent with the BBC's reputation for excellence in the production of period drama. Those set on Skaro, while perhaps lacking the distinctive touch of the Daleks' original designer Raymond Cusick, were nonetheless effective. The imposing Dalek Emperor was a truly awe-inspiring innovation, destined to become one of the series' great icons.

The Evil of the Daleks is, in short, a genuine classic. I make this assessment not only on the basis of what I now know of it – both from the wonderful existing episode and from years of documentation, analysis and debate within *Doctor Who* fandom – but also with the benefit of a vivid recollection of what I actually felt on first watching it in 1967 (and again in 1968 when it was repeated after *The Wheel in Space* – another indicator of its landmark status, as no other complete story had ever been repeated up to that point). *Doctor Who* had featured many excellent stories before, but rarely had it been as enthralling, as gripping or as exciting as this.

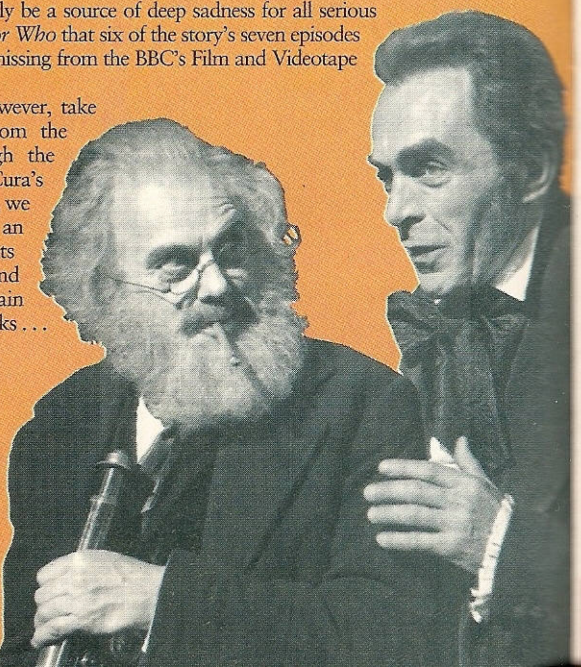
Many scenes stayed fresh in my mind for months afterwards and still send a shiver down my spine when I think of them today: the TARDIS being stolen and driven away on a lorry; the Daleks gliding through the wood-panelled corridors of Maxtible's home; the Doctor playing 'trains' with three humanised Daleks; Jamie growing mistrustful of the Doctor as he seems to fall under the Daleks' influence; the possessed Maxtible walking around with his arms outstretched like a Dalek, mirroring the actions of many thousands of schoolchildren over the previous four years; and, of course the climactic civil war on Skaro, with the Emperor's increasingly desperate cries of "You must not fight in here!" and copious quantities of gunge spewing from the tops of exterminated Daleks. All these and more remain among my most treasured *Doctor Who* memories.

It must inevitably be a source of deep sadness for all serious followers of *Doctor Who* that six of the story's seven episodes are still currently missing from the BBC's Film and Videotape Library.

We should, however, take some comfort from the fact that, through the medium of John Cura's excellent telesnaps, we can at least regain an impression of its visual impact and witness once again the evil of the Daleks . . .

Above: The impressive Emperor Dalek.

Right: Theodore Maxtible (Marius Goring) and Edward Waterfield (John Bailey) make their plans . . . Photos © BBC



The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost for ever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

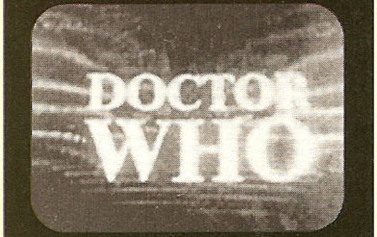
The Evil of the Daleks

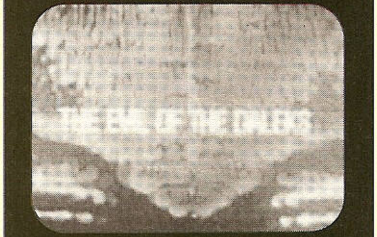
Episode 1

by David Whitaker

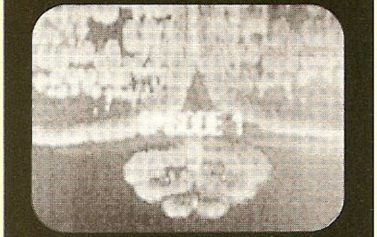
Directed by Derek Martinus

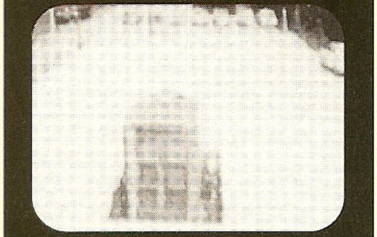
Transmitted 20th May 1967





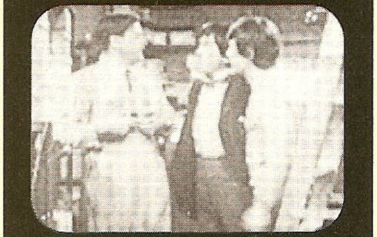
BY
DAVID WHITAKER



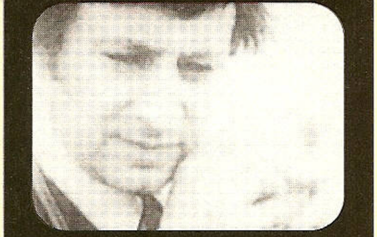


At Gatwick Airport, a flat-backed lorry slowly reverses out of one of the hangers. Tied to its back is a police box.

The Doctor and Jamie, alarmed to see the TARDIS being driven away, race into the hanger from where the lorry came. "Excuse me," calls the anxious Doctor to a workman.

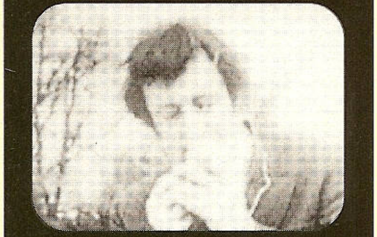


As he turns around, they notice that the man is wearing a hearing aid. "Who's taken the TARDIS?" Jamie demands. The Doctor explains that his friend means their police box and that they have come to collect it.



Nearby, a man listens to the conversation on a device similar to the workman's hearing aid.

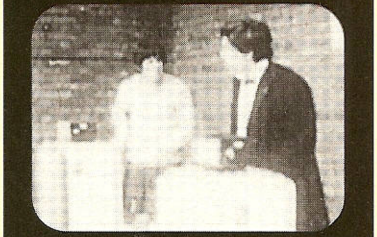
The Doctor is shown a signed dispatch note, but after he suggests that they contact the police, the workman recalls that the lorry belonged to a firm called Leatherman.



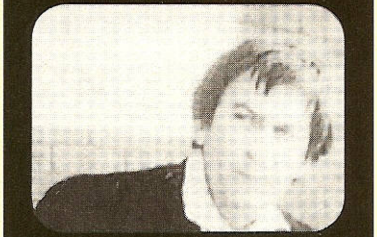
After they leave, the workman takes his hearing aid and talks into it. "Did you get all that?" "Every word," the man watching replies, and tells him to go to the warehouse to pick up his money.

The man raises a pair of binoculars to observe the Doctor and Jamie.

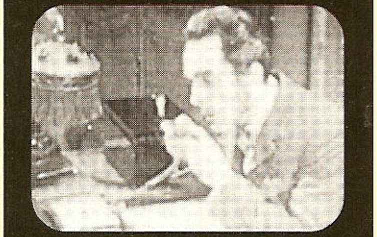
Jamie, eager to follow the lead the workman gave them, is surprised when the Doctor suggests they keep an eye on the workman instead.



Didn't you notice his overalls?" the Doctor asks. "They were much too small for him." He adds that the dispatch note was a different colour to the others, and also how helpful the man became at the mention of the police.

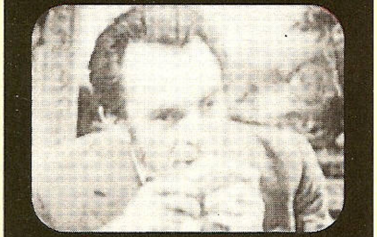


He suddenly pulls Jamie down behind the oil drums as the workman comes out of the hanger and walks past them. The Doctor cautiously rises and looks to see where the man is heading.



The man with the binoculars observes the Doctor and Jamie as they follow the workman. "Kennedy to base," he calls into his communicator, "do you read me?"

"Yes," replies a middle-aged man, seemingly nervous of the transceiver.

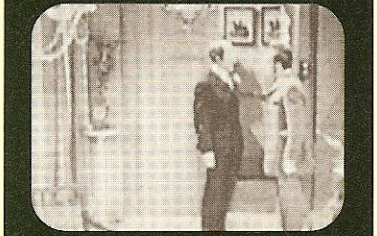


Kennedy relates the Doctor's following Bob Hall. "I knew they would suspect him," the man replies. "I'll go on to the warehouse," concludes Kennedy.

Seeing Hall driving away, the Doctor hails a taxi. "Follow that car," he instructs.

The middle-aged man sits in a study filled with Victoriana as he examines the communicator with a magnifying glass. There is a knock at the door. "Perry, sir," a voice calls. "One moment," he replies, and unlocks the door.

"It's here," Perry announces. "Good," the anxious man replies. Perry's attention is distracted by the chimes of a Victorian clock. "I say, that's very good," he comments. "Just come in, eh?"

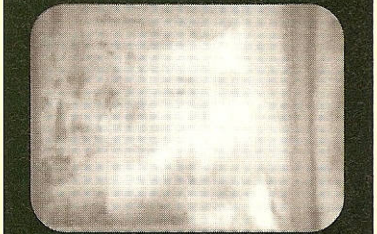


"1870, sir?" Perry estimates. "Approximately," the man replies nervously. "I don't know who your contacts are," Perry adds in admiration. "Well, Victorian time pieces are my speciality," the man replies.

Perry attempts to discover the supplier of the pieces but to no avail. "Whoever makes them, Mr Waterfield, they would fool an expert," he states. "And there was no trouble with the box?" Waterfield asks, changing the subject. "Apparently not," Perry replies.

Perry's curiosity about the police box earns him a curt reminder that he is not expected to be so inquisitive – he is told that nothing is to be done with the box. "Nothing except wait," Waterfield adds, after his subordinate has left.

The taxi drops the Doctor and Jamie by a row of garages under the arches of a railway line. "He must be around here somewhere," the Doctor states, as they start to look around. Kennedy wipes the cobwebs from a window and lights a cigarette.



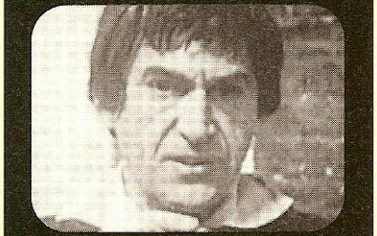
Kennedy deliberately places the packet on the window-sill and asks Hall if he was followed. "Of course I wasn't," he replies, busily counting his money. Kennedy looks out and sees the Doctor approaching.

Kennedy tells Hall to stand on one side of the door and knock them out as they come in. Hall refuses to be a party to kidnapping and is set upon by Kennedy, armed with a length of wood. The Doctor and Jamie hear the commotion and enter.

As they try to help Hall, Kennedy slips out behind them. "Where's Ken . . ?" Hall groans before passing out. Finding Hall's money, the Doctor wonders why he was paid to steal the TARDIS and then knocked out.

Finding the cigarettes, the Doctor deduces that they must belong to someone else, as he notes that Hall rolls his own. A passing train startles Jamie. While the Doctor explains what it is, Hall wakes up and runs away.

The Doctor examines the book of matches he found with the cigarettes, and tells Jamie that they come from a coffee bar called the Tricolour. He then deduces that the matches belonged to a left-handed person.



Kennedy watches as the Doctor and Jamie leave in search of the coffee bar and, hopefully, the owner of the book of matches.

Kennedy returns to Waterfield's study to report. "That Bob Hall was a bit of a problem. I didn't think he'd turn nasty." Waterfield becomes alarmed to learn that Hall was struck and demands to know exactly what happened.

Kennedy informs him that Hall was merely dazed and mumbled something before running away. He calms Waterfield by telling him that Hall has gone up north and there is nothing for them to worry about.

Waterfield then asks if Kennedy remembered to leave the matches. "Don't worry about it," he replies. "The Doctor found the cigarettes and the matches."
"And you are certain they are the ones bearing the name of the coffee shop?"

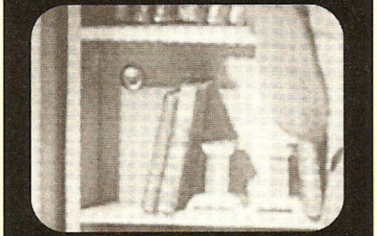
"Coffee bar," Kennedy corrects. "I told you, it worked like a charm." Waterfield seems slightly relieved. "Just one last thing to make quite sure," Waterfield adds, and takes two photographs from a draw.

"You are certain these are the people you saw?" he asks.

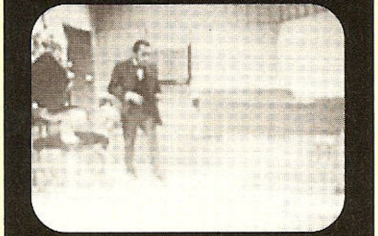
"That's them," he replies. Waterfield suggests that he remain in the house and warns him not to talk about this to Perry. "Okay," Kennedy agrees. He finds it amusing that his employer is unfamiliar with the expression.

"If you want to play the part of the Victorian grandfather, it's all right by me," Kennedy laughs, and asks why Waterfield is plotting against the Doctor. He refuses to answer and sends Kennedy to fetch Perry.

Waterfield takes a key from his desk and walks to the bookcase. He removes one of the books and inserts a key in a lock. The bookcase glides to one side.
In the corridor, Kennedy watches his employer through a gap in the door.

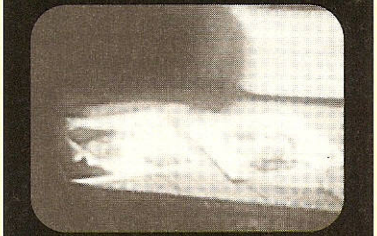


Waterfield steps into a gleaming white room totally at odds with the decor of his study. He stoops to pick up an antique vase from between two metallic posts.
Kennedy quickly moves away from the door as Perry approaches. He tells Perry that Waterfield wants to see him.



Waterfield pauses to examine the object before going back to the study and closing the bookcase. "You wanted to see me?" says Perry, re-entering the study.

"I say, you've got a new delivery," Perry remarks, noticing the piece on the desk. "It was delivered last night," blusters Waterfield nervously. "It is for a new customer," he adds, turning over the photographs on his desk.



"A . . . Dr Galloway," he fumbles, and mentions that he has arranged to meet the Doctor at the Tricolour. He says he is unable to keep the appointment, and asks Perry to go instead and invite the Doctor to the shop tonight at ten.

"The Doctor is notoriously unpunctual, so you may have a long and tedious wait," he adds. Perry is confused by his employer's manner but agrees to go. Kennedy, who has been listening in the corridor, swiftly backs away from the door.

Waterfield locks the door to the study before again opening the bookcase and entering the secret room.

He adjusts the controls of the strange machine that dominates one side of the room, and seats himself in a grand chair facing the device.

Tension grips the man as something in front of him starts to glow.
Perry catches Kennedy listening at the study door and coldly informs him that their employer is busy.

At the Tricolour, the despondent Doctor tells Jamie that he believes there is more to this affair than the simple theft of the TARDIS. "You reckon this is some sort of trap?" Jamie asks.

"Yes," he replies firmly. "If we only knew who our enemies are . . ."
"Not the Chameleons again," says Jamie, reaching for the sugar. "No, something else," the Doctor states. "I can feel them, closing in around us."

"I've done everything that you've asked of me," Waterfield tells an unseen figure. "Now you must tell me the truth," he begs. "You must tell me – I demand – I'm talking to you – come back!" he cries in frustration.

Kennedy strains to hear what is going on inside but can hear nothing.
Waterfield, visibly shaken, returns to the study and collapses onto a sofa.

As Jamie moves among the small crowd of dancers, he notices two girls wearing tartan mini skirts.

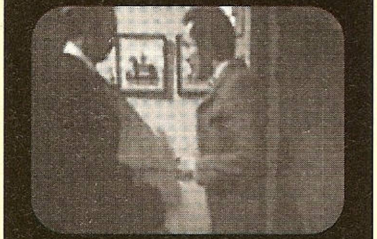
"If only the Laird could see that," the Scots lad comments, and returns to his friend. "What did you find out?" the Doctor asks.

Jamie replies that no one has heard of the man they are looking for, but adds that they could wait and ask the evening crowd. The Doctor suddenly notices someone staring at him. "I beg your pardon," says Perry, approaching their table.

"It is Dr Galloway, isn't it?" he says and, handing the bemused Doctor a business card, presents his employer's invitation. Intrigued by the man's insight on their names, the Doctor decides to accept the offer.

After Perry leaves, the Doctor reads the card. "Edward Waterfield – Genuine Victoriana," he says, and notices Perry's initial is 'K'. Believing they have found their man, the Doctor suggests they keep the appointment.

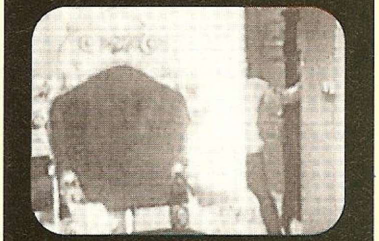
Reporting success, Perry is congratulated by Waterfield and bids him goodnight. "See you in the morning," replies Perry. "Er . . . yes," fumbles Waterfield, mistaking Perry's reply for a question.



Calling Kennedy into his study, Waterfield informs him that he shall need his help when the Doctor arrives. Following Kennedy's suggestion, Waterfield locks the study and leaves to cover the telephone box.

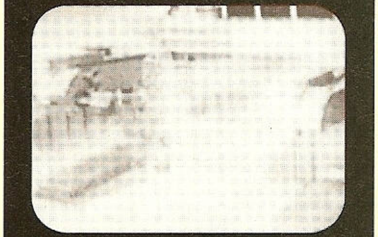
With his employer gone, Kennedy picks the lock and enters the study. He searches the desk draws. Finding nothing of value, he looks behind the wall coverings, searching for a safe.

Kennedy then turns to the bookcase and by chance locates the opening mechanism. The secret door silently opens and he steps into the white room.

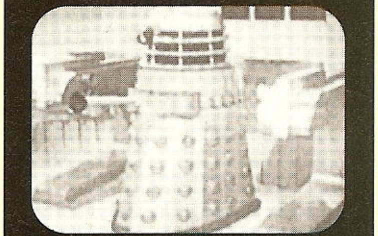


Kennedy looks around the room and examines the strange machine. He flicks a few switches but then backs away as it starts to glow. He turns to the walls and soon locates a safe behind a print on the wall.

Behind him, the form of a strange metallic creature slowly materialises by the machine . . .



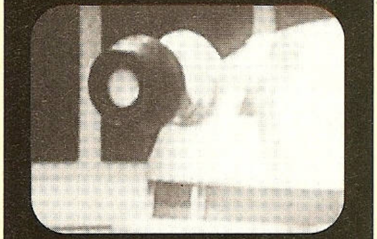
As it becomes completely solid, it scans the room and discovers Kennedy. It slowly turns to face him.



Kennedy succeeds in opening the safe, but as he starts to empty the contents of a cash box, he stops. He slowly turns around.

"Who are you?" barks the creature in a harsh, grating voice. "Who are you?" Kennedy stands paralysed with fear.

"Answer!" demands the creature. It aims its weapon directly at the terrified Kennedy . . .



DIRECTED BY
DEREK MARTINUS
BBC tv

continued next issue . . .

It's my party

(and I'll cry if I want to)

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER FIVE

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

In many ways, *The Five Doctors* was one of my favourite adventures: the whole history of *Doctor Who* – or as near as dammit – right there on screen. This, the Twentieth Anniversary special, was my first responsibility as the producer of Season Twenty-One. The series' historians often consider *The Five Doctors* to be part of Season Twenty. In fact, the only reason it was made during the financial year ending 1983 was due to the availability, or otherwise, of a certain guest star: the late Patrick Troughton. The programme was made as a co-production with ABC Television in Australia – although I didn't discover this until after the event! We did not receive any additional money from the co-production deal to make the special; the money went into the central kitty.

Eric Saward and I had originally approached Robert Holmes to write the special, and provided him with an ever-changing list of Doctors, companions and villains planned to appear. Bob found the list of essential ingredients in this rather rich story too much and withdrew from the project amicably. Our stand-by writer was Terrance Dicks, who, with typical enthusiasm, seized the chance and came up with a terrific script. It was Terrance who – quite rightly – said that there *had* to be a Dalek somewhere in the anniversary show. Saward had always adored the Cybermen; it was a natural decision that they should be the major monsters in the special. Terrance wanted to include the Autons and, in fact, wrote an effective sequence featuring them. For financial reasons, and because we considered the script to be over-long, they were dropped.

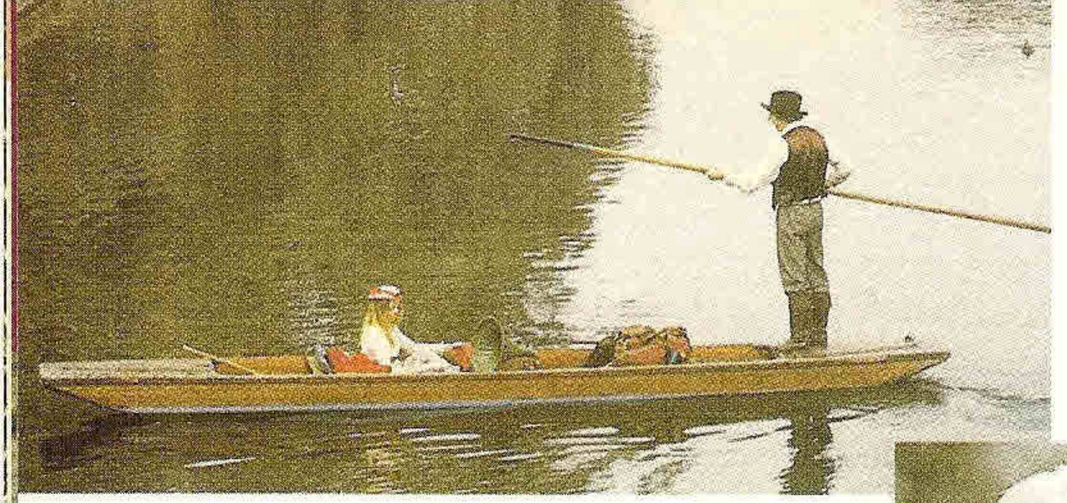
I had actually wanted Waris Hussein to direct *The Five Doctors*. I knew him, and I felt it would be a charming case of full circle – to coin a phrase – if, having directed the very first episode twenty years before, he were to direct the anniversary story. It looked for a while as if he was going to do it, but he was, and is, much sought after for all manner of glossy, stylish mini-series Stateside; in the end, my loss was America's gain. Peter Moffatt, then, was handed the reins. As I've said before, Peter's experience is enormous and I thought it vitally important that, with so many egos likely to clash on the project, the director should be someone who'd be undaunted by this. Peter handled the production superbly and I was very pleased with the end result.

THE DOCTORS

I had seen Richard Hurndall in an episode of *Blake's 7*, and noted his remarkable resemblance to the original Doctor, the late William Hartnell. At the time, many people had suggested that that marvellous actor, Geoffrey Bayldon, should play the First Doctor, but his association with Jon Pertwee seemed, to me, a disadvantage (Geoffrey had played the Crowman opposite Jon's Worzel Gummidge). We were looking for a good actor to pay tribute in his own way to the late, great Bill Hartnell and it seemed foolhardy to cast someone with as high a television profile as Geoffrey's. Although largely unknown to the average viewer, Richard Hurndall's contribution to the acting profession was enormous, particularly in the theatre, and his standing in the business was huge.

I was delighted with Richard's portrayal. He had declined my offer to show him some old Hartnell episodes, choosing instead to rely upon his memories of the series; he had seen Sixties *Doctor Who*, and had actually worked with Hartnell. I remember, on the way to the press launch for the special, Richard told me how amazed he was that he'd already been bombarded with fan mail, even though the story hadn't yet been made, let alone shown. He was thrilled by the enthusiasm of the series' fans.

Patrick Troughton was very excited about returning to the programme. On the evening of his first shooting day, we sat having a "noglette" – as Pat referred to a drink – in one of the unit hotels, and he told me that when he'd got up that morning, he'd felt that he couldn't play the Doctor; he couldn't remember how he'd done it and he felt insecure. When he'd arrived on location, however, and seen the visual effects team unloading explosives and artefacts, seen the Yeti and Cybermen outfits hanging on costume rails, he'd felt instantly at home and knew then and there that he could play the Doctor again. All those bits and



> Those responsible for the so-called new version have only succeeded in turning an exciting adventure into a boring yarn.

Above: The Fourth Doctor (Tom Baker) and Romana (Lalla Ward) relax on the Cam in a scene from *Shada* used in *The Five Doctors.*

Above right: Jon Pertwee as the Third Doctor. Photos © BBC Video

Previous spread: The Five Doctors clown around at a photocall: Patrick Troughton, Richard Hurndall, Peter Davison, 'Tom Baker' and Jon Pertwee.

pieces that the Second Doctor had in his pockets were Pat's idea, as was his Doctor's description of "the Terrible Zodin".

Pat always wanted to make an uncredited, anonymous appearance in *Doctor Who* as a Dalek, a Yeti or whatever. I explained to him that, in my opinion, there was no way this could be achieved. Given such a large production unit, the ever-present press presence and sheer word of mouth, news of such an appearance would be bound to leak out. Someone, somewhere would mention it to a chum, whose father had a friend, whose wife's neighbour worked for the *Daily Mirror* and – bang! – it would no longer be a secret. Shame, though.

Jon Pertwee agreed straight away to take part in the special. In order to offer Jon a tight contract, we'd planned to have the Third Doctor appear in studio only, but Jon rang me and said that he so liked working on film that he was prepared to forego additional payments for the privilege. So, yet more phone calls ensued between Saward and dear Terrance.

It had been more than ten years since I'd worked with Jon, bar convention appearances, and, rather than being the floor assistant on the show, I was now the producer. Jon was still Jon. I saw him only a couple of months ago, and the man simply doesn't change. He has an amazing inner strength that allows him to go on and on with his work. Last year I suggested that he slow down a bit work-wise, and got one of those withering Pertwee looks! I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's still going strong in thirty years' time.

I knew that Tom Baker would be the hardest former Doctor to persuade to take part. His seven-year stint was still fresh in people's minds, and Tom wanted to put *Doctor Who* behind him. When I first approached his agent, Jean Diamond, she said she felt sure that Tom would say "no". I was therefore surprised when, a few days later, she called to say that Tom wanted to talk to me about the idea. Tom and I had a long chat about the project. I told him that I planned to pair him up with Lis Sladen; he was delighted. He agreed in principle to appear, but wouldn't be contracted until he'd seen the script.

While filming *The King's Demons*, I'd arranged to go to see him in *Educating Rita* at a Brighton theatre. Tom was splendid in the play. Afterwards, we went back to his hotel where he read the available script to date (which was about a third of it). He liked it, agreed to do it, and we heartily drank pints of lager with large chasers of Benedictine into the night. Back in London a few days later, I took a call from Jean Diamond in the Sypher dubbing suite. She apologised for not calling sooner – she'd been snowed under – but said that Tom didn't want to do *The Five Doctors*.

I said, "Have you spoken to him since I saw him a few days ago in Brighton?"

"No," she replied.

"Ah, well, in that case, you need to speak to him, as he's agreed to do it!" I said.

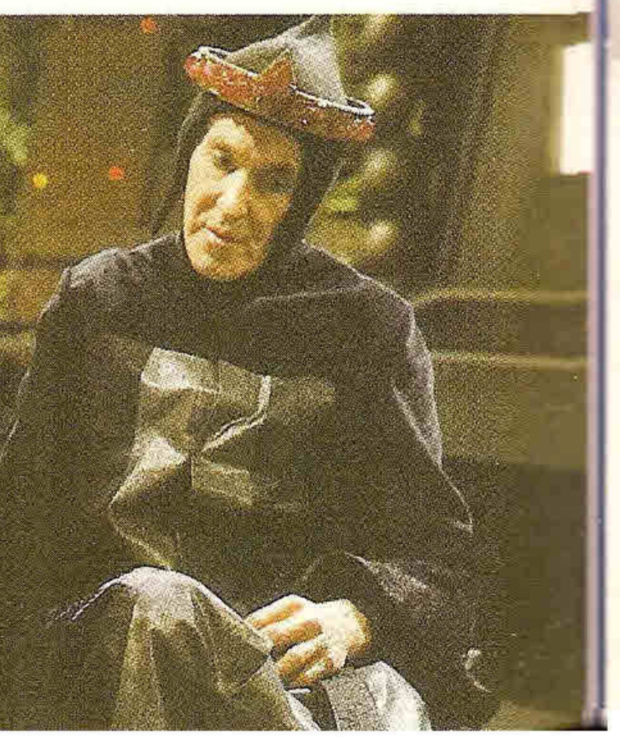
I felt confident, but there was a niggling doubt in my mind. A few more days passed before Jean called again to say that she was sorry – as was Tom – but Tom didn't want to be "one of five". She also said that Tom didn't want me to call him to try and persuade him either. Fair enough. I called Tom, told him that I understood and that I wasn't going to even attempt friendly persuasion, but asked if I might use some footage of him from *Shada* in *The Five Doctors*. Tom agreed. At that time, if a section of one programme was to be used in another, permission to do so had to be obtained from every contributor key to the original. I called Lalla Ward, and she had no objection. I called Pennant Roberts, who directed *Shada*, and he had no objection. Graham Williams, *Shada*'s producer, had no objection. Letters of agreement went straight out by taxi, confirming the conversations. The Fourth Doctor was still going to be in the special!

Naturally, I invited Tom to join us for a *Five Doctors* photo-call, and again his agent confirmed that he would attend. At the time we had a temporary *Doctor Who* exhibition on view at Madame Tussaud's, which included a full-size waxwork of Tom. I asked if I could borrow Tom's waxwork as a stand-by should Tom withdraw (the other Doctors were all under contract for the photo-call). On the day of the photo-call, Lorne Martin of BBC Enterprises arrived with the dummy in the back of his van, covered by a rug. I was fairly sure that Tom wouldn't show up; a few days earlier, via his agent, I'd offered him a chauffeur-driven car, and she'd said that he would be happy making his own way to the call. Anyway, we waited a full ten minutes for Tom before the dummy was man-handled into position. The press pack though it highly amusing. One yelled, "Tom, it's the quietest I've ever seen you!"

The remaining guest cast were all terrific. Philip Latham, who played Borusa, had been the male lead in *The Pallisers*; I've always liked the reality of his performances. Dinah Sheridan played Chancellor Flavia. A genuine British film star, she is utterly gracious, and – old-fashioned romantic that I am – she exudes femininity. When she called me "sir", the normal form of address to one's producer in the British film industry's Forties heyday, I was staggered. I immediately insisted that she call me John, of course, and I made no secret of my appreciation of her work. Jenny Hanley, Dinah's daughter, called me some time after the show; she was organising a big birthday do for her mother, and wanted a special greeting from the *Doctor Who* team in general (and me in particular). I was delighted to be included in the celebrations. Paul Jerricho I knew well from his days as a regular in *Triangle*, a show I had budgeted as a production unit manager (Paul's one-time wife, Barbara Kinghorn, who later appeared in *The Caves of Androzani*, was a former South African Gold Medallist Dancing Champion, as was one of my regular production managers, Gary Downie). As the Castellan, Paul delivered *The Five Doctors*' infamous line, "No! Not the mind probe!" Such a 'cod' line has to be delivered with total conviction, and I don't think we ever achieved this. However, Peter and I selected the best take we had.

Below: Four of *The Five Doctors.*

Below right: President Borusa (Philip Latham), mad as a snake and on the quest for immortality. Photos © BBC Video



(And, for those of you who have been reading this whole series of memoirs, Janet Fielding finally got to wear her fur coat! It took a long time, but she got what she wanted. I must admit, however, that I loathed the pattern and felt that the basic design just didn't suit her. I left the whole thing to the costume designer and the actress: as far as I'm concerned, it just goes to prove that, without a guiding hand, a well-proportioned, good-looking young lady can be made to look like an East End slapper on screen.)

ON LOCATION

The film shoot in North Wales was very happy, despite the freezing cold. One way of judging the atmosphere on location is to note what happens on the day off. If the company disperses to the furthest reaches of the globe, then clearly it is not a happy unit. Suffice to say, on the day off more than seventy percent of the unit were to be found at *The Prisoner*'s Portmerion, of all places! Talk about coals to Newcastle!

The day that we filmed the sequence of Sarah's 'cliff' rescue was probably the coldest day of all. I overheard the cameraman saying that Jon and Lis looked blue in the face, and suggested slapping their faces warm. Jon slapped Lis gently to get some colour back in her cheeks; I offered to slap Jon in turn, which the rest of the unit found hilarious. Needless to say, he declined – and did it himself.

A former girlfriend of mine (she'll remain nameless, but had many credits on the series) had left me for Jeremy Silberston; consequently, I was none too keen to have Jeremy on board as *The Five Doctors*' production manager. However, any personal acrimony that I may have felt was no reason to refuse to work with him. Oddly enough, we got on extremely well; he was a great asset to the programme, and is now an experienced and very good television director. His only error, as I recall, was in failing to appreciate that Cybermen should be at least six feet tall. When a gaggle of silver-clad Welsh midgets strode into view, I was so angry that I had to laugh.

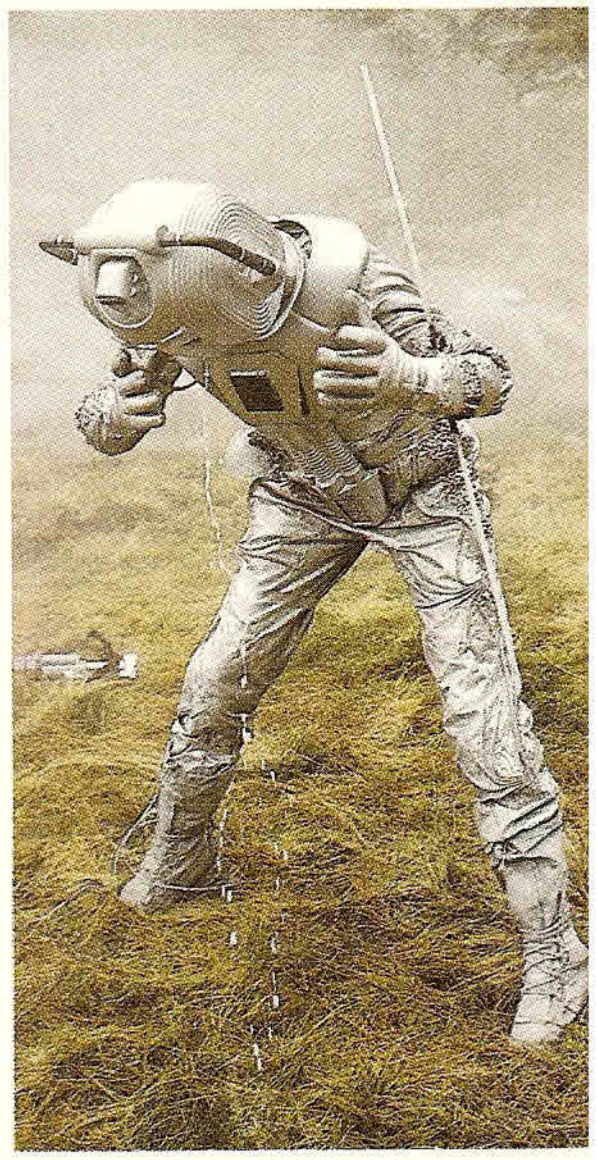
The sequence with the lasso was changed on location. Jon asked to discuss the script with Peter Moffatt and myself; this was conducted in a Land Rover. He felt that the scripted shenanigans with a bow-and-arrow might appear slightly ludicrous on screen and, taking his point, we adjusted the scene accordingly.

Oh, and the Yeti had fleas; as far as I'm aware, it still has!

On the actual anniversary, I was at a convention in Chicago watching *The Five Doctors* being transmitted. Initially it had been agreed that the story would premiere in both the UK and the US on Wednesday 23rd November, but BBC1's Controller changed his mind and moved the story to a slot within the *Children in Need* appeal two nights later, which saddened me; it felt wrong that an anniversary special was not going out on the birthday itself. Furthermore, many British fans resented the fact that the Americans would see it first. Nevertheless, it was exciting to watch the American transmission with so many of the members of the cast – and Peter Moffatt, too – in the same room.

On Thanksgiving Day there was a splendid formal meal where all the guests and their partners joined together to enjoy the festivities. When we all sat down for pre-dinner cocktails, the head waiter explained that we could choose between a traditional Thanksgiving meal or a splendid selection of steaks; I noted a concerned look on his face when virtually everyone said that they wanted the traditional meal. As the evening wore on and on, with no sign of a turkey, we discovered that the hotel – convinced that us Brits wouldn't want the traditional fare – were rapidly defrosting the poultry! The company was excellent, so none of us minded too much; later that evening, Jon Pertwee, Ant Ainley, Sarah Sutton and I were asked if we would do a late-night live radio phone-in to plug the event. We had the meal, jumped into chauffeur-driven limos, and drove to the radio station. The lines were jammed; they asked us if we'd stay on to take even more calls from fans in Chicago. We agreed – but, by now, it was so late that Jon had fallen asleep over his microphone!

Recently, an extended version of *The Five Doctors* was released. Due to an oversight by BBC Video, neither Peter Moffatt nor myself were involved. There has been an apology and we accept it. Nevertheless, unlike a project such as the extended version of *The Curse of Fenric* – where material was cut solely to prevent the episodes from over-running – I believe that *The Five Doctors* benefitted from the trims that Peter and I had made (I had managed to persuade Programme Planning to accept an over-length programme anyway, and we both felt that we had not compromised the intention of the original). As far as I'm concerned, those responsible for the so-called new version have only succeeded in turning an exciting adventure into a boring yarn.



THE LONGLEAT CELEBRATION

I'd first met Terry Sampson and Lorne Martin, who ran BBC Exhibitions, when I was working on *The Pallisers* many years previously; they'd mounted an exhibition of the costumes from the series. I was enthusiastic when they approached me to collaborate with them on a special event to celebrate *Doctor Who*'s Twentieth Anniversary in the grounds of Wiltshire's Longleat House over the Easter weekend of 1983 (quite when these discussions took place eludes both me and my diaries, but it was a long time before the actual event). I certainly saw a great deal of Longleat during 1982 – almost as much as the Marquis of Bath himself! – and, at the very first meeting, it was agreed that the events would all take place in the gorgeous enclosed courtyard to the side of the main house. As the meetings got more frequent, and BBC departments became ever more enthusiastic, the site became larger and larger, eventually totalling six acres. Sometimes one embarks on an idea with scepticism but, in this instance, the various departments of the BBC all decided that they wanted to be part and parcel of this huge celebration. I had agreed with Design that we would allow the sets from *The Five Doctors* to be displayed, even though the post-production on the programme wasn't yet complete and it was months away from transmission. Make-up, Costume, Visual Effects and the Radiophonic Workshop all agreed to display their wares. Suddenly, it was all happening.

I had persuaded all the living Doctors to attend except Tom. Now, as Tom and Terry enjoyed a special friendship, I'd suggested to Terry that, given Tom's non-participation in *The Five Doctors*, perhaps it might be more appropriate if he spoke to Tom. Tom always enjoyed the company of Terry and Lorne, so it was the best possible way of – basically – asking a favour of Tom (I felt that I'd already asked my favour with regard to the use of *Shada*, and I didn't want to push my luck). Terry duly persuaded Tom to appear at Longleat; it was quite clear that the wider public, at that time, saw Tom as their favourite Doctor.

Terry, Lorne and I all asked the Presentation Department, who are responsible for all those trails between BBC programmes, to promote our event (I don't think that we television professionals realised just how effective these plugs were; never mind). On the eve of the two-day event, we had pre-sold some 13,000 tickets. We all agreed that this meant an eventual attendance of probably double that. How wrong we were! There were, in the end, in excess of 56,000 people. Wiltshire itself ground to a halt. We had a monster on our hands, but this one we couldn't control.

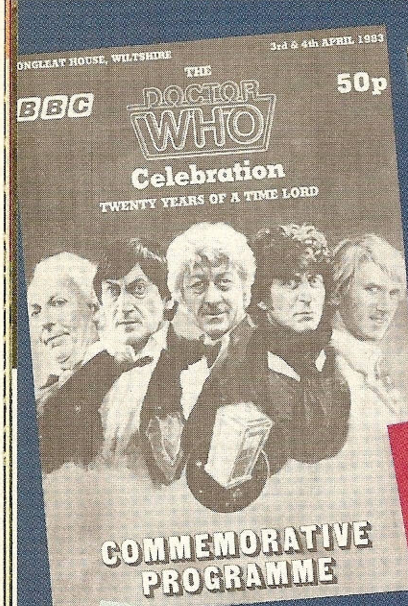
BBC Enterprises, as it was then called, simply didn't expect anything like such a response from the general audience and, in all fairness, neither did I. I knew that people were flying in from America, Australia, New Zealand and so on, but it was easy to reckon that they were just a handful of wealthy eccentrics, not an invasion force. Hordes of people

Left: The Fifth Doctor (Peter Davison).

Above: A Cyberman feels the after-effects of a battle with the Raston Warrior Robot. Photos © BBC Video

Overleaf: Longleat 1983! All photos © Paul Vyse except 'JN-T' © John Nathan-Turner

Longleat 1983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3rd & 4th APRIL 1983

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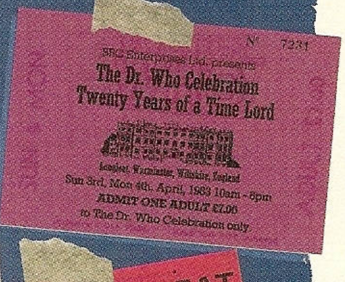
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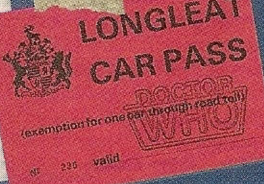
LONGLEAT

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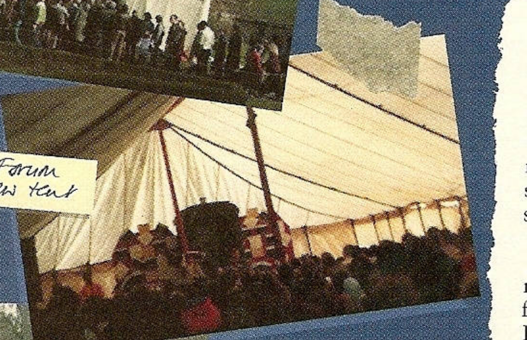
DOCTOR WHO

Nº 226 valid

ENTRANCE
DOCTOR WHO STUDIO SETS

Crowds outside the studio sets tent

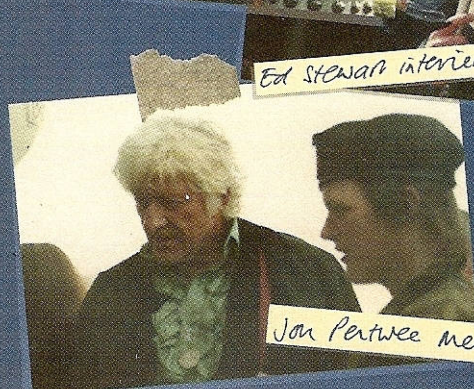

Inside the Forum interview tent

Bessie!

UN-T!

The photographic area

Ed Stewart interviews...


Jon Pertwee meets the fans

were complaining about the queues, the apparent disorganisation, the lack of intimacy, the overcrowded car parks, the police, the caravan site and so on; we all did our best to ensure that they got something for their money.

One of the problems, for which I take some of the blame, was that I'd estimated that getting, say, Pat Troughton from Longleat's Green Library – our centre of operations – to the Orangery, where folk signed autographs, would take five minutes. On foot, with a stopwatch and no-one around, it took one minute and thirty seconds. We'd trebled that, and, given that the stars would be minded by Royal Welsh Fusiliers, assumed that nothing could go wrong. It could. We soon realised that getting any artist from A to B took fifteen to twenty minutes, no matter how many burly Fusiliers were in attendance! So, from the start, the published schedule became unworkable. Nevertheless, we did our best. If Peter Davison had half-an-hour's coffee break, we asked him to drink it quickly and spend the rest of the time greeting people who were still queueing. We all tried to compensate.

On the second day of the event things went a little smoother, though Longleat was still under seige. Ed Stewart from Radio Two arrived to present his radio show live from the event. Peter, Bryon Parkin, General Manager of BBC Enterprises, and I went on the show to ask people without tickets not to turn up, but still the vehicles poured in.

Over the two-day event, John Leeson was quite brilliant. Adopting his K9 voice, he manned the public address system and kept the visitors informed of what was happening where. Sadly, Frazer Hines' car broke down on the M4 and he never made it to Longleat. Pat Troughton was making his first-ever appearance at this type of event; he thought that no-one would recognise him, so he ambled to the side of the stage and stood talking to a small group of fans! The reception eventually awarded him was terrific. Pat and I had had many long conversations together during *The Five Doctors*' location shoot, a regular topic being the subject of his appearance at Longleat a few weeks later. I recall Pat alluding to the scene in Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop* where Nell wants to go behind the Punch and Judy stand, and her grandfather tells her that she can't because it would ruin the magic. I knew what he was getting at. I explained at length that, for *Doctor Who* fans, going behind the Punch and Judy stall didn't ruin the magic for them one iota. Reluctantly – and with some helpful prompting from Jon Pertwee – Pat had agreed to attend Longleat. Actually, Pat had done cartwheels to get out of doing Longleat. He would ring me with endless reasons as to why he should not attend, but I was having none of it. 'No time to spend with wife Sheila? Bring her with you! Don't fancy driving down? I'll lay on a car!' and so on. In the end, Pat decided there was no way I'd let him off the hook. He later admitted that he felt permanently indebted to me, as it had convinced him that he could handle fan events, which, of course, led to him making many such appearances before his untimely death.

We had a monster on our hands, but this one we couldn't control.

As we were also promoting *The Five Doctors*, masses of pictures of the cast members taken on location were ordered for the artistes to sign. There simply wasn't time to show them the shots for their prior approval, and I discovered at the end of the event that Lis Sladen and Carole Ann Ford had hated all of their 5,000 pictures so much that they'd dumped the lot behind potted palms in the Orangery!

The worst part of the whole thing for me was witnessing an argument flaring up between a companion and a Doctor. I was forced to intervene, and tell the two of them to behave or leave! Somewhere there is a beautiful sweater covered with indelible ink marks . . . which, fortunately, is as far as the fisticuffs went, and one of them left!

I was looking at a video I have of the event recently, and, although some people weren't happy with the queues, the general expression on people's faces is one of pleasure. After the first day's bedlam, a select few had adjourned to the nearby Bath Arms Hotel for a de-briefing and a drink, and I remember being verbally attacked by some of the fan glitterati. I recall thinking how I'd wished that I'd said "no" to Terry and Lorne at the outset.

Now, I think differently. I think that Longleat 1983 proved to the powers-that-be, the great and the good, the establishment even, that *Doctor Who* was a force to be reckoned with. With the profit from the event, a Sunshine Coach was presented to the Variety Club in the name of *Doctor Who*. I thought this a splendid idea and the coach was later unveiled on *Blue Peter* thanks to the good offices of editor Biddy Baxter.

We returned to London to cook up Season Twenty-One of *Doctor Who*. How? Take the Sea Devils, the Silurians, the Myrka, the Malus, the Tractators, the Daleks, the Magma Creature, Sharaz Jek, Miss Perpugilliam Brown, a new Doctor, blackmail, Ingrid Pitt's mounds (sic), stir, and allow to settle. Simmer with Saward, blend in a few drops of venom and add just a hint of a cheap deal to Lanzarote based on someone's holiday pictures. Remove from oven, top with a jailbird, a pair of turtles, the first gay palimony case, Pearl Harbour, and one of my very favourite actors . . .

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The Sontaran Experiment

PART ONE (drn: 24'27")

Having left the space station Nerva, the Doctor, Harry and Sarah materialise in the corresponding transmat receptor area on Earth; a bleak moorland which the Doctor intimates was once London. While he sets about repairing the transmat receptors – in preparation for the arrival of the Nerva's crew – his companions investigate the planet, which has apparently been lifeless for 10,000 years. However, the Doctor is being watched by a couple of armed, space-suited figures, and Harry falls into a bracken-covered pit which has been constructed as a trap. Seeking help, Sarah sets off to find the Doctor.

Zake, one of the astronauts watching the Doctor, is found and pursued by a strange robot. He falls into a gully; hearing his scream, the Doctor investigates and discovers only his corpse. Zake's colleagues arrive to find the Doctor standing over the body; they stun him. The Doctor is taken back to their camp where he is interrogated by astronauts Krans, Erak and their leader, Vural. Vural is sceptical when the Doctor tells him that he has come from Nerva – the astronauts' legendary lost colony – and reveals that they are a military team from an Earth colony, GalSec. A freighter has gone missing; they landed on Earth but, after responding to a distress signal, their ship was vapourised. The Doctor notices that Vural is wearing an alien monitoring device.

The Sontaran Experiment

Screenplay extract by Bob Baker and Dave Martin

The Sontaran, Styre, is testing the physical abilities of a group of GalSec astronauts. With a broken-off branch in hand, the Doctor appears over a ridge to challenge him . . .

DOCTOR: Still about your butcher's ways, Styre?

STYRE: You! But I killed you!

DOCTOR: Another mistake, Styre. You've fallen right into our trap.

STYRE: Trap?

DOCTOR: Yes. These people you've been so cleverly evaluating are not Earth warriors; they're our slave class, the lowest form of human intelligence.

STYRE: You lie!

DOCTOR: Do you think these puny creatures could conquer half a galaxy? No, Styre, I represent the true warrior class. Evaluate me, if you dare!

Harry finds a tunnel leading out of the pit, and investigates. Sarah, alone at the top of the pit, is saved from the lethal robot by another astronaut, a near-deranged figure called Roth, who has been tortured. Roth explains that an alien living in the rocks captures and torments his colleagues. He is frightened of Vural, but lures the GalSec group away from the Doctor, allowing Sarah to rescue him.

The Doctor and Sarah return to the pit with Roth, but the Doctor falls into it, and Sarah and Roth are captured by the robot. Harry, under cover of the rocks, watches as the robot brings its captives to a spherical spacecraft. The space-suited figure of a Sontaran emerges from within. "Linx!" gasps Sarah . . .

PART TWO (drn: 25'00")

The Sontaran announces that he is Field-Major Styre of the Sontaran G Three Military Assessment Survey. Roth attempts to escape, but Styre guns him down; he is of no further use. Sarah is taken away for experimentation. Harry searches for her, and finds a manacled astronaut dying from thirst. Meanwhile, Styre secures Sarah in a rocky alcove and explains that he has now studied five of the nine astronauts and cannot accept Sarah's claim that she is from Earth.

Vural, Krans and Erak are captured by the robot and taken away; meanwhile, the Doctor escapes from the pit via the tunnel. By a video link, Styre reports his findings to his Marshal: the Earth has not been repopulated and the humans he has tested offer little resistance. He then sets in progress Experiment Seven, which tests Sarah's reaction to fear. All manner of illusions assail Sarah, until the Doctor manages to break

through the forcefield across the alcove and rip the Sontaran headband from her. However, Styre arrives and shoots the Doctor.

The three astronauts are brought before Styre, and it becomes apparent that Vural has been collaborating with the Sontaran. The trio are forced to take part in Experiment Eight, in which Krans and Erak hold an increasingly heavy gravity bar above Vural's prostrate form, protecting him from being crushed to death. Harry and Sarah discover that the Doctor is not dead; he deflected Styre's shot with a piece of Nerva's sonastic locking mechanism. The Doctor disables the robot, and overhears Styre reporting to the Marshal – he learns that the Sontaran invasion fleet will not proceed without the results of Styre's experiments. The Doctor decides to take on Styre in single combat, giving Harry instructions to remove the terrulian diode bypass transformer from Styre's ship.

The Doctor challenges Styre, and the distraction allows Sarah time to release the astronauts. Vural perishes in an attempt to help the Doctor. The Sontaran seems to triumph, but is exhausted and returns to his ship. Moments later, Styre staggers out, his body deflating; the spaceship explodes. The Doctor explains to Harry that his sabotage caused the ship's energy to feed on Styre rather than vice versa. Contacting the Marshal, the Doctor bluffs that the Sontaran invasion plans are in human hands, and that one move across the buffer zone will result in the fleet's destruction.

Krans and Erak decide to wait for the arrival of the humans from Nerva, and say goodbye as the Doctor, Harry and Sarah vanish from the transmat receptor area . . .

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PRODUCTION

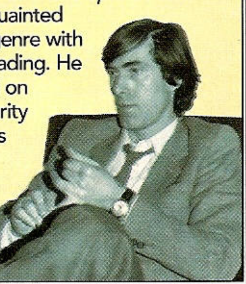
In late 1973 Robert Holmes was at ATV Elstree writing for *General Hospital*; he had also begun work as Terrance Dicks' assistant script editor on the BBC's *Doctor Who*. There he met an associate producer, Philip Hinchcliffe, who would soon be joining him on *Doctor Who* as the new producer.

Hinchcliffe arrived on *Doctor Who* to find that a Dalek serial had been commissioned from Terry Nation, a Cyberman serial was being discussed with Gerry Davis and Christopher Langley was writing a six-part serial referred to as *Space Station*. The new producer's desire was to take the series back into science fiction territory, exploring the genre in a modern and convincing way. Realising that *Doctor Who* already commanded a large share of the younger audience, he aimed to expand the adult viewership with a more mature approach to characterisation. He and Holmes proved a fertile combination, and the two men agreed to heighten the standard of scripting, extensively rewriting scripts where necessary.

With *Robot* recorded in spring 1974, it was planned to continue production of Season Twelve from the autumn and record a further twenty-two episodes to form a run of twenty-six. *Space Station* would be the first of the next production block after the summer break. However, by late spring it was clear that Langley's serial would not be suitable and a replacement story would have to be found.

PRODUCER: PHILIP HINCHCLIFFE

Hinchcliffe had been interested in science fiction from childhood, reading many genre novels and being a devotee of BBC Radio's *Journey into Space*. He had also seen the initial *Doctor Who* serial, *100,000 BC*, as a student in 1963. After studying English literature at university, he worked for a travel company and as a teacher before joining ATV as a script editor in 1968. Hinchcliffe started to write, and then became an associate producer; he worked on such programmes as *General Hospital*, *Crossroads* and *The Kids from 47A*. However, by 1973 he had decided to become a producer and found drama openings at ATV limited. He was recommended by his agent to Bill Slater, then the new BBC Head of Drama Series, and in November 1973 gained two BBC series to produce. Hinchcliffe was initially offered an adaptation of *The Girls of Slender Means* before taking over as producer of *Doctor Who*; however, an industrial dispute resulted in the production of the former project being abandoned. From around April, he trailed outgoing producer Barry Letts on both *Planet of the Spiders* and *Robot*, and reacquainted himself with the genre with a great deal of reading. He was keen to build on the series' popularity as he discussed its future direction with its new star, Tom Baker.



Because of his aversion to six-part stories – which he always felt were four-part stories with a two-parter tagged onto the end – Holmes decided to replace the Langley serial with two linked stories; a four-part serial followed by a two-part serial. It was decided that these would be made by the same team: the two-part story would be recorded first, and shot entirely on location using an Outside Broadcast videotape unit; the four-part story would then be taped in studio with no location work. To further reduce costs, it was decided to rework Davis' Cybermen story – then entitled *Return of the Cybermen* – so that it would share the same setting as the new four-parter.

With Holmes busy script-editing and commissioning stories for Season Thirteen, it seemed that he would be unable to write the replacement stories himself. The four-parter went to John Lucarotti, who had been approached by Terrance Dicks in late 1973 to develop a storyline. Dicks and Letts recommended to Holmes the Bristol-based writing team of Bob Baker and Dave Martin, who had written three serials for them since 1970. Baker and Martin had not worked on *Doctor Who* since 1972's *The Three Doctors*, and had been writing for shows such as ITC's *SkiBoy* and HTV's fantasy *Sky*. Holmes asked the pair to produce a quick filler story from his own idea.

Holmes' outline was to tie in with Lucarotti's storyline concerning an Earth of the far future which had been evacuated; the human race slumbered in cryogenic suspension aboard a vast spaceship until their planet was habitable again. Also, despite the fact that he disliked reusing old monsters, Holmes wanted Baker and Martin to use the Sontarans in their storyline. These clone warriors had been created by Holmes for the previous season's *The Time Warrior*, and he received a fee for their use. The practical reason for this was that it was assumed that the costume for Linx, the Sontaran in *The Time Warrior*, was held in storage alongside the mock-up Sontaran spaceship exterior. Baker and Martin were told to feature only one Sontaran in their script.

Holmes went to great lengths to describe the Sontarans to the writers, particularly the Field Major and the Sontaran G Three Military Assessment Survey. The writers considered the brief and then rang back to discuss a storyline with Holmes. Making the programme totally on location suggested to them one of the bleak West Country venues that they had used on *Sky*, and they considered Dartmoor as a suitable location for the site of London's ruins (the pair envisaged Nelson's column sticking out of the ground, an image suggested by the similar depiction of the Statue of Liberty at the climax to the 1968 film *Planet of the Apes*). A formal commission for the storyline, entitled *The Destructors*, was given on Thursday 23rd May, with the writers being asked to deliver the basic outline in four days.

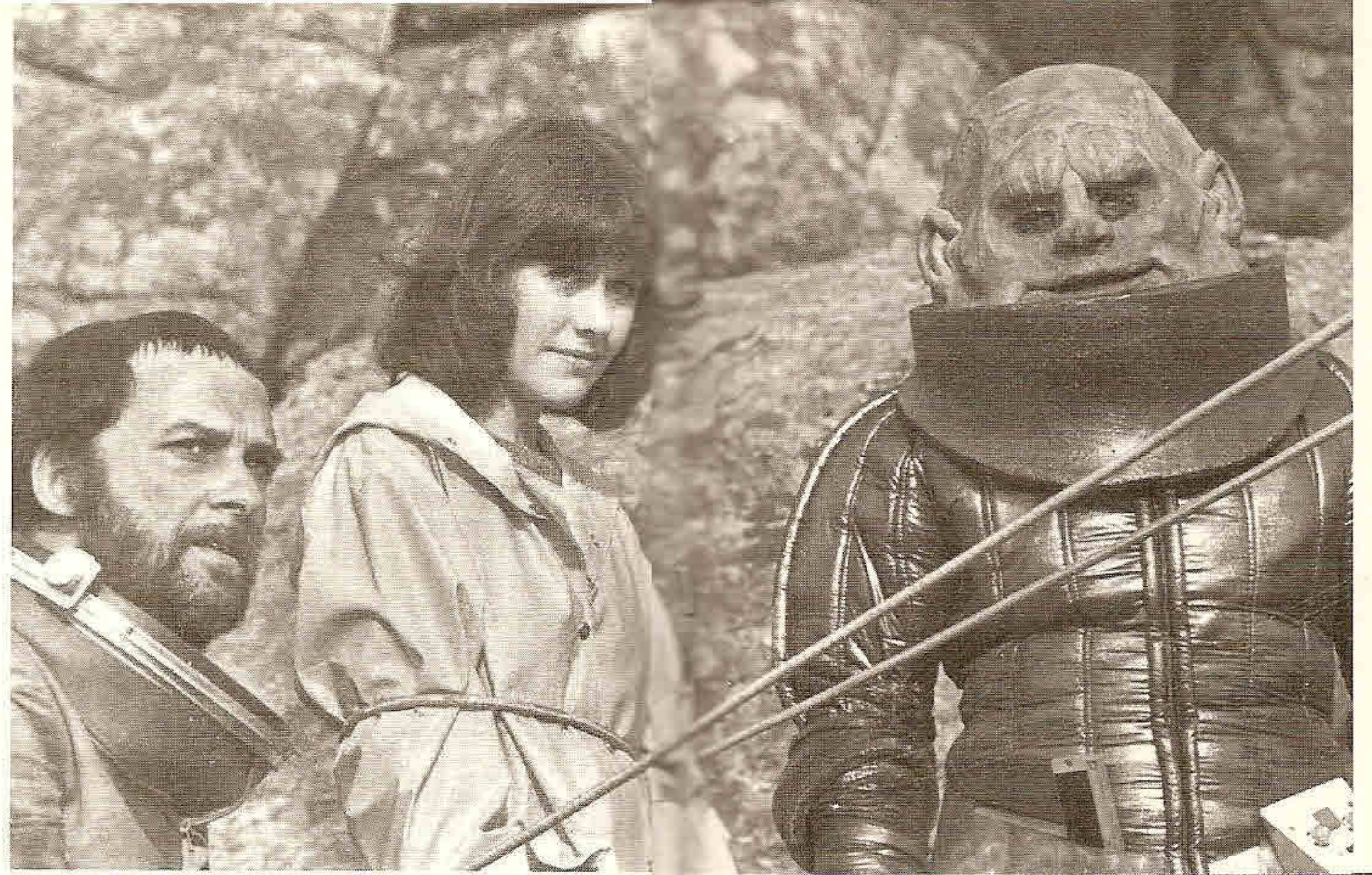
SCRIPTING: THE GALSEC CREW

In the script, the GalSec crew who land on Earth to check on the mayday (possibly from a missing GalSec freighter) are nine in number, including Vural, Roth, Erak, Krans and Zake (a character who was not named until shortly before recording began). Two other members of the GalSec team were named as Heath and Splier, both killed by Styre and mentioned by Roth in Part One. (A further un-named prisoner was seen in Part Two.) The script indicated that the men wore some sort of military uniform which Sarah described as "space clothes". Baker and Martin did not specify that the GalSec team should have South African accents – although Roth's dialogue used the phonetic spelling "yunnerstan?", Erak used the phrase "musta gone bush", Vural described their visit to Earth as a "looksee", and it was Krans' "too right" which indicated to the Doctor that the men hailed from an Earth colony. The GalSec crew used the word "check" as an affirmative when taking orders.

On Wednesday 5th June a script for Part One was commissioned even before the storyline had been formally delivered on Wednesday 12th (the scripts for all four episodes of Lucarotti's storyline were also commissioned on the same day). The target date for Part One of *The Destructors* was Monday 15th July (on Monday 17th June Langley's *Space Station* serial was formally written off). Baker and Martin received a commission for Part Two of *The Destructors* on Saturday 6th July.

As an aid to writing for the new Doctor, Baker and Martin were shown a rough edit of *Robot*, and immediately took to Tom Baker's portrayal. They were also briefed on the content of the Lucarotti serial which would precede theirs in broadcast order. They researched, via various scientific journals, the evolution of the planet Earth, and postulated that the solar flare activity would have wiped out nearly all trace of mankind on Earth and that the planet would effectively be reborn (This also tied in with elements of a short film entitled *Entropy* which Bob Baker had made in 1956).

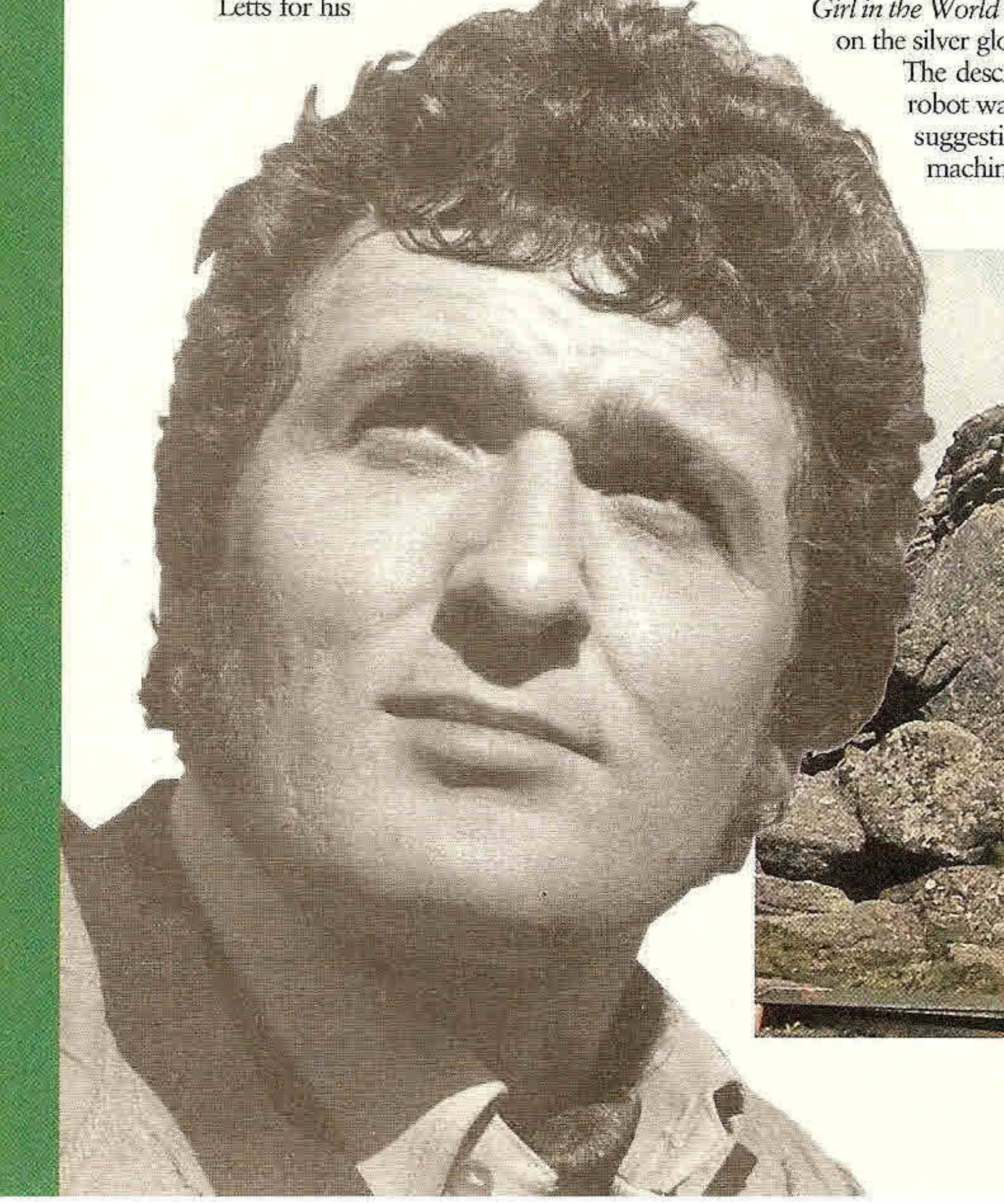
Part One's script was delivered on Sunday 14th July, after which Hinchcliffe asked Letts for his advice on costing issues for several of the set elements required on location – including a lean-to hut for Vural and his men, the corridor and dungeons of a priory, a courtyard with a flagstone covering an underground passage and the interior of the Sontaran spacecraft with control desk and working monitor screen. The cost estimates were prepared by Raymond Cusick – now Acting Chief Assistant to the Head of Television Design (Drama) – after which it was decided to abandon the lean-to hut and replace the full spacecraft interior with Styre's single monitor.



The script for Part Two was delivered on Monday 12th August. There were very few changes made by Holmes; he did, however, alter some of Styre's lines to keep them truer to the previously-established Sontaran character. Lucarotti's scripts ran into problems during August; not only late, they were not what the production team had envisaged. Consequently, Holmes took notions from Lucarotti's storyline and scripted a replacement serial, *The Ark in Space*. References back to *The Ark in Space* were then inserted into the scripts for *The Destructors*; these included the Nerva station and Harry's comments on Nerva's animal-botanic section in Part One. The script also included a discussion concerning Nerva and the sunbursts between the Doctor and the GalSec team.

The script for Part Two had Sarah initially mistaking Styre (originally named Weam Styre) for *The Time Warrior*'s Linx, commenting that he had been blown up in the thirteenth century (although the latter story had apparently been set in the twelfth century). As with the earlier Sontaran story, the script made a passing reference to the race's old enemies, the Rutans, and also to the fact that Sontarans were not well-suited to Earth's gravity.

The Doctor's dialogue was slightly different in the script when compared to the finished version, as Tom Baker was still developing his character's new persona. Thus the script had the Doctor referring to Harry as "old chap", using phrases like "pithily put", and exhorting Sarah to "Lead on, MacSmith". He was also to be "tumtitumming" *If You Were the Only Girl in the World* to himself as he worked on the silver globes in Part One.



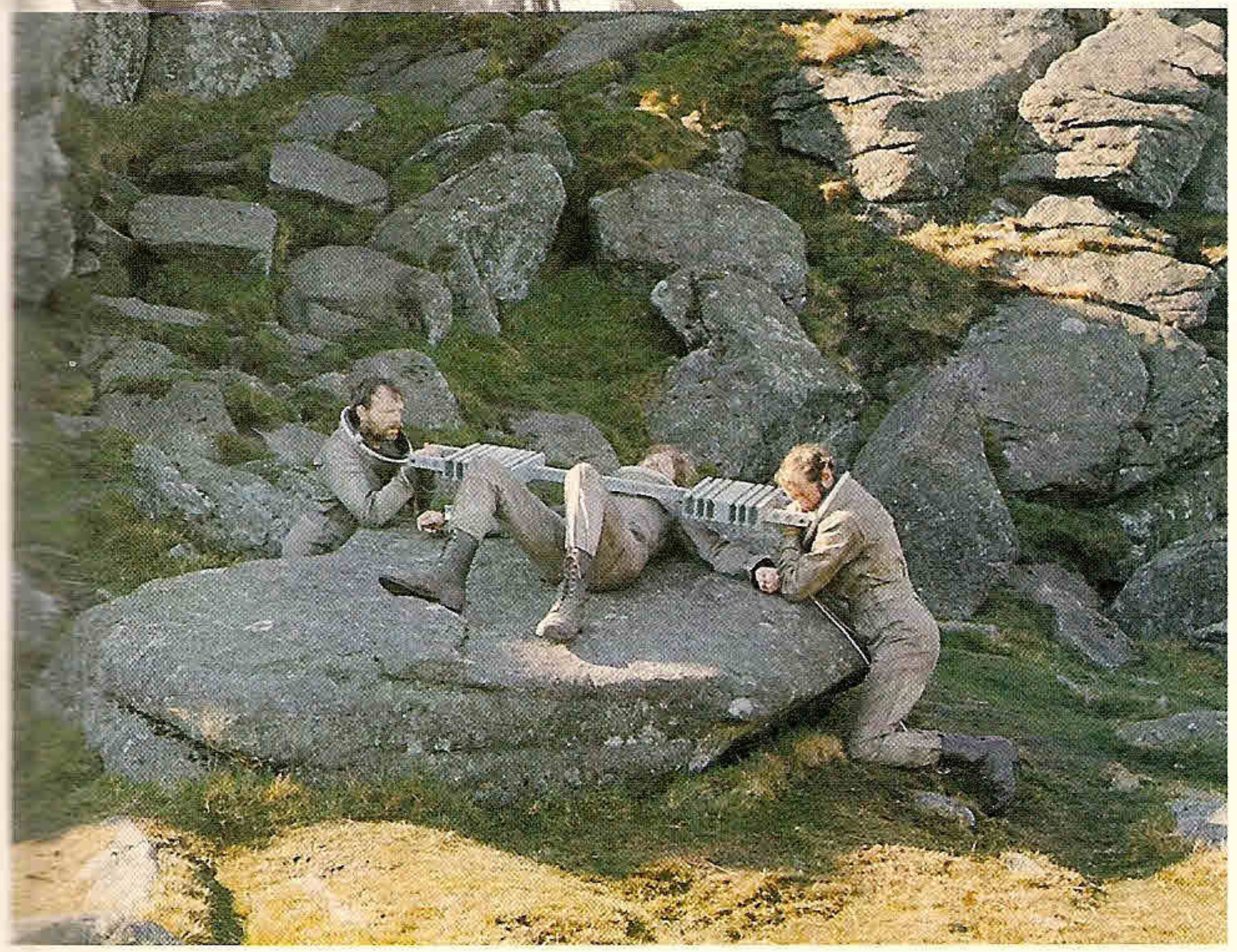
The description of the Sontaran robot was minimal in the script, suggesting a silvery circular machine with two telescopic antennae waving about. It also indicated that the machine stopped "trundling along" to "hear the series of bleeps and pings" which made up its orders; it also had a sensor arm and tentacles. Baker and Martin's original visualisation of the machine was that it could move at the speed of sound for short distances, whipping invisibly across the landscape and suddenly arriving at a particular location.

The director of both *The Sontaran Experiment* and *The Ark in Space* was Rodney Bennett, whose work on other programmes such as *Lord Peter Wimsey* had impressed Hinchcliffe. Also getting his first break on *Doctor Who* was designer Roger Murray-Leach, whose imaginative style Hinchcliffe had noted on light entertainment series. Barbara Kidd had been a regular costume designer on *Doctor Who* since *Frontier in Space*, and had worked on *Robot*. Sylvia James was in charge of make-up, and had worked on all the Troughton stories from *The Abominable Snowmen* as well as *The Sea Devils*. Visual effects were split between John Friedlander and Tony Oxley, both getting their first designer credits after years as assistants.

The scripts were set in the ruins of a priory in London, and indicated that stone ruins or partly demolished buildings would be appropriate. When none could be found, it was decided to use a natural landscape of rocks and gullies. The production assistant, Marion McDougall, knew the West Country well and suggested the Dartmoor venue that Baker and Martin had envisaged. Production Unit Manager George Gallaccio investigated the technical side of production and recalled a documentary he had seen about the new OB video equipment. In addition to recording onto two-inch tape, this also allowed a videotape editor to cut together the finished programme while on location in the OB scanner van, which would save later editing costs and speed up work. Unfortunately, the scanner van available for recording did not offer facilities such as CSO or film transfer. Thus, plans to realise Styre's robot via CSO were dropped, and the opening and closing film titles would have to be added later. At the time of production, transmission was planned for Saturday 1st and 8th March, but was later brought forward by a week.

VISUAL EFFECTS: THE SONTARAN ROBOT

The Sontaran robot, designed by Tony Oxley, was a lightweight aluminum construction mounted on a camera dolly with four wheels that ran along especially-laid tracks. These were kept out of shot to give the impression that the machine hovered along. Its working mechanisms included a rotating head, illuminated eyes and two twitching antennae; the framework upon which the head was mounted was constructed so that it could be lowered or elevated on its base via its flexible armatures. Unfortunately, the prop was rather delicate and prone to break-downs.



Location recording was scheduled between Thursday 26th September and Tuesday 1st October. The serial's title was changed to *The Sontaran Experiment* a very short time before work started (the camera script still referred to the serial as *The Destructors*, with its new title added below in brackets). The authors were unhappy about this change, as it gave away the cliffhanger in which Styre was revealed. The title *The Destructors* remained through to post-production paperwork, including the BBC's log of Programmes-As-Broadcast.

Reprising his first Sontaran appearance was Kevin Lindsay, who had played both Linx and *Planet of the Spiders*' Cho-je the previous year. Apart from Donald Douglas as Vural, the actors playing the principal GalSec crewmen were all native South Africans. Glyn Jones was cast as Krans. Jones had previously written the 1965 *Doctor Who* serial *The Space Museum*, and had since worked on *The Gold Robbers* and *Here Come The Double Deckers!*. He had had a further *Doctor Who* serial rejected by Terrance Dicks in 1970.

After a read-through and some basic rehearsals at the BBC's Acton facility, the principal cast and a minimal crew departed from London early on the morning of Monday 23rd September to perform on-location rehearsals during the day. The three regulars – Tom Baker, Elisabeth Sladen and Ian Marter – were required along with Douglas, Jones, Terry Walsh, Peter Rutherford and Peter Walshe (Lindsay made his own way to Newton Abbott Station in Devon). The only crew initially required comprised Bennett, McDougall and Russ Karel, the assistant floor manager. A warning was issued to all concerned that they should bring warm clothing, strong footwear (preferably waterproof), a change of socks and an overcoat.

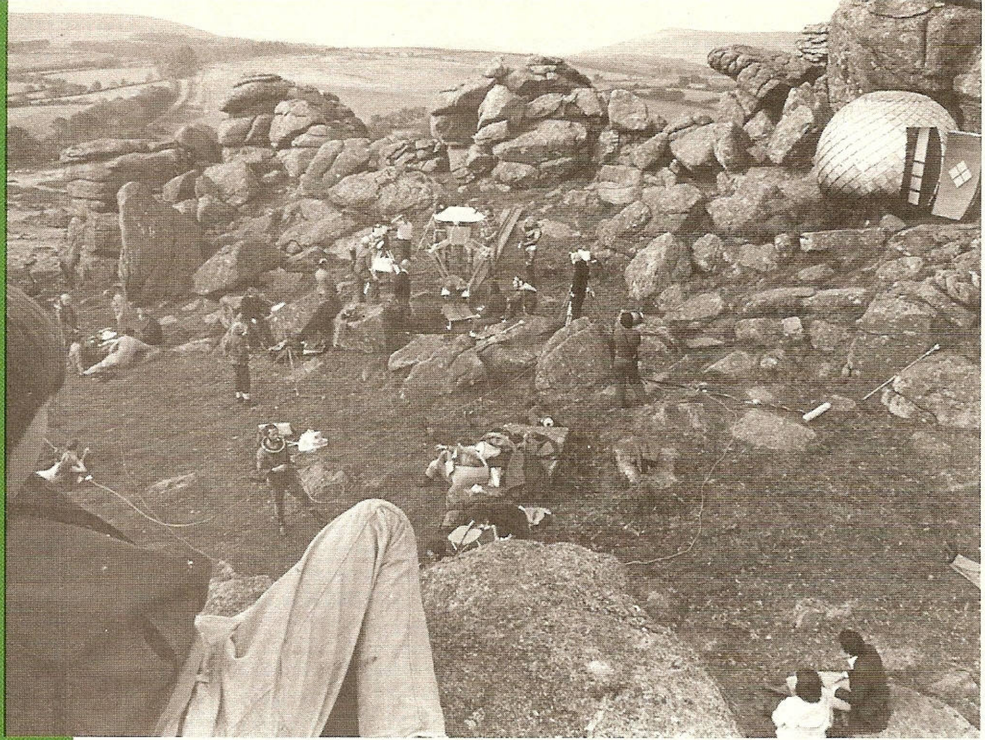
All the scenes set at the Matterbeam Globe Area, the Matterbeam Walk Area, the Pit and the Encampment were to be rehearsed on the first day. These locations were near to Warren House Inn on the B3212 near Postbridge, and would comprise the first three days of taping. After this, the crew returned to the base hotels in Chagford. Rehearsals for the rest of the serial continued on Tuesday 24th, this time at Hound Tor near Manaton, and to the east of the previous day's location along the B3344. Wednesday 25th was a day off while the rest of the production team travelled down from London. Since he was not required for the first few days, Lindsay returned to London at the same time as Hinchcliffe, Letts and the production team arrived.

With excellent weather conditions, recording began on Thursday 26th at the patch of heathland designated as the Matterbeam Area on the estate of Headland Warren Farm, Postbridge – the venue for the first three days' work. Rehearsals began at 9.30am for the rehearsal/recording process to take place between 10am and 5pm. Two cameras were used, linked back to the OB scanner van; one was often hand-held, while the other was generally mounted on a tripod. This allowed some scenes to be recorded as in a studio, with long shots and close-ups switched between the outputs of the two cameras, or with each shot recorded separately and the cameras then moved for the next shot. Run-ons with a locked-off camera were used for the opening sequence of the Doctor and Harry materialising, the intention being to remove these during editing to make the characters fade into vision. Baker and Marter both retained their basic costumes from the end of *Robot*, augmented in Baker's case by an overcoat and in Marter's case by a duffel coat. Sladen's costume was new, however, consisting of yellow waterproofs and a woollen hat.

After Sarah's rescue from the gorse, the scenes showing the Doctor repairing the globes watched over by Zake and Erak were taped next, followed by Sarah's return to the circle in Part One. The story's conclusion was then taped, with another locked-off shot and run-ons used to show the TARDIS crew vanishing. The final scene to be recorded at

STUNTWORK: TERRY WALSH AND STUART FELL

Terry Walsh was originally hired as the serial's fight arranger and stunt double, but was then given the role of the initially non-speaking astronaut that became Zake (referred to in the OB schedule as merely "Terry"). Stuart Fell was also a late addition to the team, hired to double for Lindsay as Styre. Some time earlier, Walsh had met Hinchcliffe in the BBC club and the new producer had explained that his plan was to cut back on action sequences in the new serials. Generally only two stuntmen would be hired, instead of entire stunt teams as in the Jon Pertwee era.



OB RECORDING: ABANDONED SEQUENCES

Tom Baker's accident meant that the final four scenes of the day were unrecorded. The first of these, also at the Tunnel Exit, was of Harry finding some water for the dying prisoner in Part Two. The next area planned for use was described in the script as a Street Area, with Harry moving through ruined cloisters and watching Styre making for the Courtyard at the start of Part Two. This was also to be the venue for Harry's attack on Styre after his report to the Marshal. Harry is preparing to use the log on an approaching figure which turns out to be the Doctor, who greets him with the line, "Doctor Sullivan, I presume". Harry apologises, saying that he thought that the Doctor was "the pig-faced chap", and the "potato-headed feller" whom he has been watching. As he gets Harry to explain what he has seen, the Doctor comments that the pit they fell into was part of "the Whitehall warren". Another scene was then to follow, intercut with the torture of Sarah, in which the Doctor realises that he is up against "The Sontarans again . . ." and comments that the aliens are all identical clones. The pair hear Sarah scream, and the Doctor dashes to her rescue before Harry can warn him about the force-field.

the Matterbeam Globe Area was that of Zake being discovered by the Sontaran machine.

Taping continued at the heath with an area designated Matterbeam Walk Area (1), this being the location where Sarah asks Roth why he fears Vural and where Sarah and Roth lead the Doctor back to the pit. The next venue was Matterbeam Walk Area (2) which Harry and Sarah explore early in Part One. The cameras then moved to Walk Area (3) – described in the OB schedule as "Swamp Area" – for the scene where Roth watches his former friends carrying the Doctor away. Also recorded here were the additional scenes of Walsh's stunt-fall into the gully as Zake, followed by the discovery of the corpse by the Doctor and the Doctor's discovery by the GalSec astronauts. Rutherford was given 'burn' make-up on his right arm to indicate Roth's part in Styre's experiments.

Special effects were used for the firing of the GalSec team's guns, taped as insert shots at the end of the scene with a white illumination added at the end of Krans' weapon. Returning to the heathland near the Matterbeam Area, further additional scenes of Zake being pursued by the machine were recorded; these concluded all of Walsh's acting scenes.

Friday 27th began with recording at the Pit Area, starting with all the scenes involving Harry and Sarah in Part One. The remaining scenes at the top of the pit for Part One were then taped, with Walsh doubling for Baker when the Doctor falls into the trap. After taping the scenes at the pit for Part Two, all the insert shots involving the Sontaran machine were recorded, including shots of the tentacles being pulled away from Erak, Vural and Krans and retracted back into the robot which were to be reversed on videodisc for insertion into the final edit. With the robot work completed, all the camera shots required from inside the pit itself were performed; both cameras were lowered into the gorge. The Doctor's fall into the pit was performed from this angle by Walsh again, with the stuntman changing costumes when further scenes at the bottom of the pit were taped. Walsh concluded the day's recording with another fall, this time as Harry.

More bright but cold weather blessed Saturday 28th, which was spent at the Encampment Area established by Vural and his men (Ian Marter was not required on this day). The crew had hoped to pre-rig for the following day's recording at Hound Tor. Lindsay returned from London along with Brian Ellis, who was playing the small role of the GalSec prisoner.

The sleet and rain started on Sunday 29th. This was the first day at Hound Tor – a piece of land owned by Wing Commander Longsden of Leighton – which would be the venue for the remainder of the OB work. The script generally designated the area as The Ruins, and the first scenes to be taped were of Harry and then the Doctor running for cover among the rocks in Parts One and Two at Approach (1). The next venue was Approach (2), which in the original script was a collapsed wall where Harry hid clutching a log (a length of chain in Baker and Martin's script) until Styre had passed in Part Two. This was the first day that Lindsay was required in the Styre outfit.

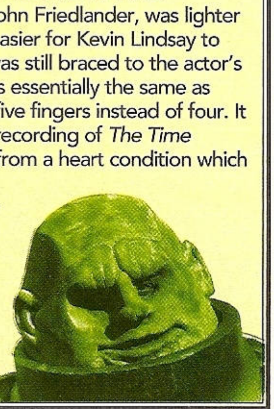
The next site was the Prisoner's Dungeon, a gap in the rocky outcrop described in the script as the ruins of a room or alcove. Taping here included Harry's return to find the prisoner dead, and Styre's recording of his report on Experiment Five (all of Brian Ellis' scenes in the serial). After this, recording shifted to the other side of the rocks for the Climbing Area (referred to in the OB schedule as The Staircase) from which Harry observes Sarah in the climax to Part One. After this, the cameras were reset in another cleft close to the Prisoner's Dungeon. This was Sarah's Dungeon.

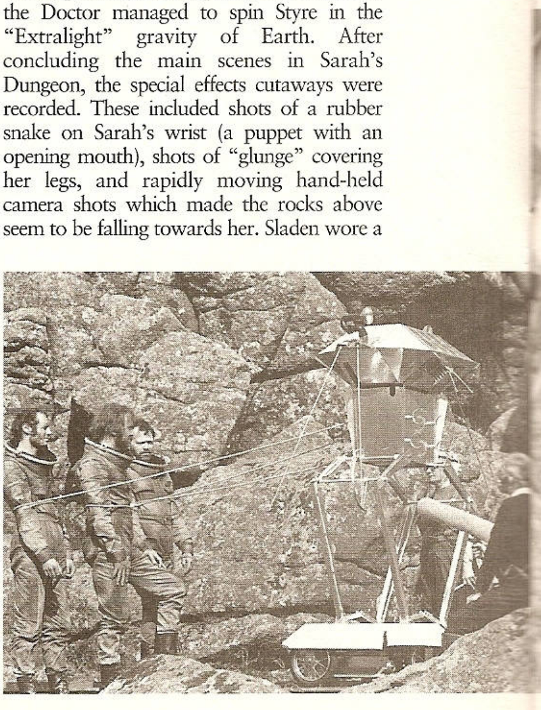
The script did not specify the projected horrors that Sarah endures in Styre's experiment, but it did explain that the cause of the force-field which stops Harry and later the Doctor from reaching Sarah was a Magnox drive, the control panel of which was to be set into the rockface. For this sequence, Baker and Martin had suggested that the Magnox drive should be built from an inflammable substance such as celluloid, and that the sonic screwdriver should be a practical prop on this occasion (ideally a Ronson blow-torch with a flexible extension running down Baker's sleeve, allowing the screwdriver to melt the Magnox drive). On location, a small package with a flash charge was detonated on cue.

The effect for Styre's handgun was achieved in cutaway shots by superimposing a red light from the other camera onto the main picture. In the script, Styre was to walk up to the Doctor's 'corpse' and kick the body contemptuously; the script also described how the Doctor managed to spin Styre in the "Extralight" gravity of Earth. After concluding the main scenes in Sarah's Dungeon, the special effects cutaways were recorded. These included shots of a rubber snake on Sarah's wrist (a puppet with an opening mouth), shots of "glunge" covering her legs, and rapidly moving hand-held camera shots which made the rocks above seem to be falling towards her. Sladen wore a

COSTUME: FIELD-MAJOR STYRE

Styre's latex mask, made by John Friedlander, was lighter than the Linx headpiece and easier for Kevin Lindsay to wear, although the lower lip was still braced to the actor's mouth. The basic costume was essentially the same as Linx's, but the hand now had five fingers instead of four. It had become clear during the recording of *The Time Warrior* that Lindsay suffered from a heart condition which frequently left him weak and exhausted. Therefore, Lindsay was only required to wear the heavy Sontaran helmet over his mask for the end of Part One. Lindsay sadly died from a heart attack some six months later.





headband for these scenes, although this piece of Sontaran technology was not indicated in the script.

While performing the end of the confrontation sequence with Styre at Sarah's Dungeon, Tom Baker slipped on the rocky surface and fell badly. With the star injured and in pain, recording was abandoned and the crew carefully carried Baker the couple of miles back to the car park, and from there drove him to the nearest hospital. Cradling his arm in the Doctor's scarf, Baker was told that he had cracked his collarbone.

Work on Monday began at the Courtyard (Talk Area) – a location on the opposite side of the previous day's crags – where the Doctor talks to Harry about the Sontarans' weak area on the neck, and searches unsuccessfully for his 500-year diary (harking back to some early Troughton serials such as *The Power of the Daleks*). In this scene, Terry Walsh doubled Baker in the shots of the Doctor climbing up the rocks and in other long shots. The injured Baker, his neck in a brace, performed his shots as motionless as possible; the brace would be hidden by the Doctor's coat and scarf. By this time another stuntman, Stuart Fell, had arrived to join the crew, and the recording was covered by a local newspaper, *The Mid-Devon Advertiser*.

The next scene recorded was around the corner in the Courtyard (Control Area) where Styre watches Sarah on a colour monitor; images of Sladen were fed in from another camera. This location was also used for a similar Part One scene where the Doctor stares into the device worn by Vural (referred to in the script as a kinemitter); a lens filter gave a distorted image of Baker. Recording of these scenes – and others during the day – was covered by a BBC photographer.

Styre's conversations with the Marshal were recorded next, with Lindsay in both roles. The Marshal's dialogue was taped first against a minimal set erected against the rocks close to the Control Area. To differentiate between the two Sontarans, two circles of insignia were added to the Sontaran collar (the script specified a more resplendent costume for the Marshal). With the Marshal scenes on tape, Lindsay then changed back to his Styre collar and re-enacted the conversation alongside a playback of his earlier performance on the monitor, relayed from the scanner van. After this, the scene of the TARDIS crew responding to the Marshal in Part Two was taped. Recording then moved back to the Staircase Area where Harry hears the machine in Part One and searches for Sarah in Part Two.

In bright sunshine, the scenes in the Courtyard (Torture Area) – wherein Erak and Krans are forced to hold a gravity bar over Vural – were taped next. This started with some new unscripted sequences in which Styre explained the purpose of Experiment Seven to the GalSec astronauts; the script had begun with the torture in progress, but with the loss of the earlier scenes, new sequences were being added on location to pad out Part Two. Additional dialogue for the Doctor appeared in the script: he would call out "Turn, Hell-hound, turn!" to Styre when he appeared "Errol Flynn style, on the rocks behind him". The script had the Doctor fighting Styre with a wooden staff, Kendo-style. In the finished fight, Walsh doubled for Baker and Stuart Fell stood in for Lindsay; Baker recorded a few close-ups, some sitting in a chair. Although Fell had his own Sontaran costume, there was only one mask for Styre which was rapidly transferred from actor to stuntman. During the fight, Fell had to be very careful not to damage the mask.

Tuesday 1st October was spent at the Spacecraft Area, the far side of the rocky outcrop from the previous day (Baker and Martin had envisaged this as being set up in a ruined courtyard with equipment erected against a wall). The climax of Part One was recorded first, again covered by a BBC photographer. Recording continued with the scene in Part Two where the robot brings the remaining GalSec crewmen to the spaceship, and also the climax of the fight between the Doctor and Styre (with Walsh and Fell again standing in), during which Harry succeeds in entering the spaceship. Extra dialogue was inserted into the script to emphasise the fact that Vural had saved the Doctor's life.

The script demanded that Styre die "like a deflated rubber ball"; to realise this, air was let

EDITING: DELETED SEQUENCES

During editing, the single cliffhanger to the serial was moved slightly. Originally, this was Styre approaching Sarah and saying, "Aah – the female of the species . . .", but it was moved back to his emergence from the spaceship and the removal of his helmet. Various cuts were made to Part Two. The end of Harry's scene with the prisoner was trimmed to remove the astronaut falling limp, and Harry shaking his head grimly after checking the man's pulse. Similarly, Styre's scene with the dungeon-bound Sarah lost its ending, in which the Sontaran is to correct the fact that she should not exist and allow his plan – the Sontaran invasion programme – to go ahead (it will be as though Sarah had never existed, although, like the others, she will have been of experimental value). The scenes of Styre watching Sarah and then reporting to the Marshal were transposed and joined into one scene, followed by an amalgamation of three scenes showing Sarah's torture. The start of the scene in which Harry sees Sarah regaining consciousness and talking about her mental torture was trimmed to commence at the Doctor's arrival.

out of a balloon inflated inside the Sontaran mask. The explosion of the spaceship was achieved by a screen white-out, after which the prop of the vessel was removed and an explosion was recorded for insertion during editing. A further unscripted Part Two scene showing the robot's demise was recorded (again, Walsh performed all but Baker's close-ups). Wednesday 2nd October was eventually used as the standby day for recording with the three regulars plus Walsh and Fell.

A videodisc unit was used on location to reverse the shots of the robot's tentacles so that they streaked out and ensnared the GalSec astronauts. The videodisc was also used to alter the speed of the mud moving up Sarah's legs in Part Two. After initial editing, it was found that Part Two was over-running badly and, even after editing, still ran exactly up to its twenty-five minute maximum. The opening and closing titles were recorded on Monday 28th October 1975 during the first studio session for *The Ark in Space*, using the 35mm film transfer facility of Television Centre Studio 3.

Sound effects for the serial were produced as usual by Dick Mills, who used one of his favourite sounds – squelching Swarfega – for the moving mud. The music was an essentially conventional score by Dudley Simpson; recorded at Lime Grove Studios on Monday 17th February 1975, it was enhanced with some electronic sounds from the Radiophonic Workshop.

The *Radio Times* listing for Part One of the serial included a small monochrome photograph of Baker's face in the title sequence. The broadcast of Part Two coincided with an article in *The Sun* in which the daughter of television reviewer Chris Kenworthy commented that she did not find Tom Baker's Doctor to be as good as Jon Pertwee's, alongside remarks about the Doctor's new costume from Baker and notes from Hinchcliffe on the development of the Doctor's new persona.

The serial was sold to Australia in September 1975 where both episodes were passed uncut with a 'G' rating in May 1976. *The Sontaran Experiment* was also sold to Holland (where it was broadcast by TROS) in October 1975; to Dubai, Hong Kong and Brunei in 1976; to New Zealand in 1977; to Canada, Swaziland, Nigeria, Gibraltar and Equador in 1978; and to Venezuela, Mexico, Chile, Brazil and Guatemala in 1979. Because the BBC listed the serials in story code order, overseas and repeat runs frequently scheduled *The Sontaran Experiment* as the second Baker serial before *The Ark in Space*, despite the clashes in continuity. Such an example was the sale of the serial to American PBS stations in spring 1978 as part of a ninety-eight-episode package of Baker's first four seasons. This version was re-edited by the distributor, Time Life. Not only were small sections of the narrative removed, but narration by veteran American actor Howard da Silva was added (eg: "In the next episode, Doctor Who engages in a fierce battle of wits and strength with a Sontaran who has come to Earth to destroy the human race!"). In North America, the serial was resold uncut in the mid-Eighties by Lionheart and also aired as a forty-eight-minute compilation.

The Sontaran Experiment was selected to end a week of *Doctor Who* repeats on BBC1 for the week of Monday 5th to Friday 9th July 1976 (*Planet of Evil* had been screened Monday to Thursday). Edited down to forty-seven minutes and forty-two seconds' duration, the serial was broadcast at 6.25pm opposite the highly popular *Crossroads* and *Winner Takes All* in most regions; it garnered very healthy viewing figures for a summer rerun.

In May 1978 BBC Records issued *Doctor Who – Sound Effects No. 19*, an LP and cassette which included the sound of Styre's Scouting Machine from *"The Destructors"*. The serial was novelised by Ian Marter as his second book for the *Doctor Who* range then published by WH Allen. Marter expanded the scripts greatly (notably with scenes set in the Sontaran craft), reinstated some of the missing material, re-named Styre as Styr and also had the Doctor's party arriving on Earth in the TARDIS to tie in with his earlier adaptation of *The Ark in Space*. The hardback edition of *Doctor Who and the Sontaran Experiment* was published by WH Allen in November 1978; the Target Books paperback followed one month later. The cover artwork of the Doctor and a Sontaran was by Roy Knipe, and reprints from 1983-on numbered the book as No 56 in the *Doctor Who* Library.

The serial was broadcast on the SuperChannel satellite station during 1988, and in October 1991 BBC Video released an uncut version of the serial as a double-pack video alongside the subsequent serial *Genesis of the Daleks*; the combined cover for both titles was painted by Andrew Skilleter. In July 1993 the 'crawling mud' sound was included as *Threat to Sarah* on the CD *Doctor Who – 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*. UK Gold screened the serial in both episodic and compilation form in September 1993, and again in September 1995. The BBC Film and Videotape Archives retain both the episodic version and the 1976 compilation on their original two-inch, 625-line videotapes.

Andrew Pixley

AUDIENCE AND COMPETITION

The viewing figures for *The Sontaran Experiment* maintained the high standards set by *The Ark in Space*, both appearing in the Top Twenty programmes for those weeks. Opposition on the ITV regions came from shows such as *New Faces* (Granada), *The Adventures of Black Beauty* (Southern and Yorkshire), *The Adventurer* (LWT) and the popular quiz show *Sale of the Century* (ATV).

SERIAL 4B **THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT**

CAST: Tom Baker *(Doctor Who)* with Ian Marter *(Harry Sullivan)*, Elisabeth Sladen *(Sarah Jane Smith)*, Peter Walshe *(Erak)*, Terry Walsh *(Zake)* [1], Glyn Jones *(Krans)*, Peter Rutherford *(Roth)*, Donald Douglas *(Vural)*, Kevin Lindsay *(Styre)*, Kevin Lindsay *(The Marshal)* [2], Brian Ellis *(Prisoner)* [2].

EXTRAS: Terry Walsh *(Stuntman/Double for Harry Sullivan and Doctor Who)*; Stuart Fell *(Stuntman/Double for Styre)*.

CREDITS: Written by Bob Baker and Dave Martin. Fight Arranger: Terry Walsh. Production Assistant: Marion McDougall. Production Unit Manager: George Gallaccio. Title music by Ron Grainer & BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Title Sequence: Bernard Lodge. Incidental Music by Dudley Simpson. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Visual Effects Designers: John Friedlander, Tony Oxley. Costume Designer: Barbara Kidd. Make-up: Sylvia James. Lighting: Tommy Thomas. Sound: Vic Godrich. Script Editor: Robert Holmes. Designer: Roger Murray-Leach. Producer: Philip Hinchcliffe. Directed by Rodney Bennett. BBC © 1975.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS		
Part One	22nd February 1975	5.30pm-5.55pm
Part Two	1st March 1975	5.30pm-5.55pm

Repeat Details		
The Sontaran Experiment	9th July 1975	6.25pm-7.15pm

Viewing Figures
Part One 11.0M (18th) ***Part Two*** 10.5M (17th) Repeat 8.2M (25th).

Audience Appreciation Figures:
No figures for Part One. Part Two: 55%.

Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to
Timelines
Doctor Who Magazine
Marvel Comics Ltd
Panini House
Coach and Horses Passage
The Pantiles
Tunbridge Wells
Kent TN2 5TZ

or e-mail us at
doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk

COMPANION PIECE

My apologies to anyone who has written to me in the last few months and has yet to receive a reply – my agent has changed addresses and there's been some trouble getting mail forwarded. The new address is: Roger Carey Associates, 31 Kensington Church St, London W8 4LL.

Nicola Bryant
London.

SECOND IMPRESSIONS

Having just read Gary Gillatt's *First Impressions* article in DWM 235, I have to congratulate him on picking a perfect story to show the kids, asking such pertinent questions and bravely facing a group of ten and eleven-year-olds unarmed!

The article, however, held absolutely no surprises for me. As a teacher, I already knew that *Doctor Who* is still appreciated by a young audience; the only difference these days is that this is mainly due to the video releases. It's true that in recent years children have been missing out on the thrill of watching "their Doctor" battle the evils of the universe each week (or if they were Australian kids, most weekdays), but children are still managing to experience the series. As Toyah Wilcox said in *More Than Thirty Years in the TARDIS*, *Doctor Who* has a "mind-expanding" element to it that all children deserve to experience.

Unfortunately, programmers seem to be oblivious of this. Australia was once envied for the copious amounts of *Doctor Who* repeats we used to get on terrestrial TV. Once upon a time children over here could enjoy many of the Doctor's adventures at the family time of 6.30pm. The last repeat we had was shown at 4.30am! Hardly a family timeslot.

It is rather disheartening to note that several of the children from Class 4G nominated dire Austraian soap operas as their favourite programmes. These shows, portraying an Australia about as realistic as the landscape in *Underworld*, would be more familiar to English kids than a quality show such as *Doctor Who*, a programme made in their own country. This was probably the saddest revelation to come out of the article.

But there was a positive side as well. It was interesting to note that while adult Doctor Who fans are arguing whether impressive special effects are really necessary in a new series, the children of 4G didn't seem to have such a dilemma. They wisely pointed out that a good storyline is far more important. Maybe these kids should be appointed as the next *Doctor Who* production team! At the very least, their responses should be forwarded to any new production office, whether it be English or American. Maybe such an "experiment" should have been conducted years ago and the results sent to the *last* production team . . .

I remember once teaching a class of ten-year-olds. It was time for some individual quiet reading. One boy had pulled out a book from the small bookcase at the back of the room. It was an old *Worzel Gummidge* annual, with Jon Pertwee on the cover looking appropriately daft and dirty as Worzel. The boy stared at the cover for a moment and then exclaimed, "It's Doctor Who!" His only knowledge of Pertwee's stories probably came from videos, as the last Pertwee repeat over here was around 1986, when the boy was only five. And many a time I have seen a battered Target novelisation on a child's desk.

It proves that *Doctor Who*, against the odds, manages to survive and be experienced, whether in the form of videos, books or comics. Even with no new *Doctor Who*, I'm sure the show's most important viewers, the only ones who would find the series truly magical, will still join the Doctor on his adventures. And, as Class 4G proves, they will love every minute of the journey.

Jason Fisher
Queensland,
Australia.

Your article on Class 4G and their responces to a showing of *Terror of the Zygons* has restored my faith in childhood. It has not been lost. But what it does show is that if careful consideration is put into the choice of a *Doctor Who* repeat it will gain an audience. For the BBC just to put on any old Jon Pertwee or Tom Baker story ignores what you did in your selection of the story to show the class; aim for the audience. You have proved that children will watch for the continued story-parts and for the build-up of tension. You *must* inform the BBC of your findings. And while you're at it, why not recommended to them that once their current *Dad's Army* repeats on early Saturday evenings finish, they could replace them with carefully considered repeats of *Doctor Who*. The audience is there. My letters are individual and warrent no weight but your magazine does, however. I hope you will take my suggestion to the BBC with my blessing and that of Class 4G.

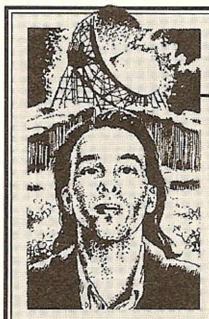
Graham Meiklejohn
9250770@lewis.sms.ed.ac.uk

Whilst I believe the idea of seeing what today's children think of *Doctor Who* is valid and interesting, I would question your application. The series has gone through various stages in its life, so a story that's over twenty years old can hardly give a definitive answer on the subject. Would the school children like a more brutal Doctor like Colin Baker, or a more mysterious one like Sylvester McCoy? It seemed that the choice said more about the writer's personal preferences than trying to be 'representative' of *Doctor Who*.

Lawrence Pycock
Handsworth,
Birmingham.

Obviously no single story can accurately represent a thirty-three-year-old TV show – that wasn't the idea. Terror of the Zygons *was chosen for the reasons outlined in the article, but also as an example of a period when* Doctor Who *was at its height in public*

►



THE HIT PARADE

Another **DWM** suspect casually stubs out his last Silk Cut and steps into the seedy twilight world of bittersweet memories and lost innocence, squinting through the smoke at his top-ten *Doctor Who* stories. Play it again . . .

Alan Barnes
The Cybermen writer

1. *Logopolis*

"Elegiac, morose and vast; the scene where whole galaxies are blotted out on the TARDIS scanner is as daring a conceit as any in the series' history, but the story still turns on a single act of heroism. And the Watcher was the Doctor all the time. Well, *I* cried."

2. *The Curse of Fenric*

"A faultlessly structured three-act tragedy which remorselessly shunts its characters to the end of the line; Part Four, in which writer Ian Briggs reaps his plotting whirlwind to devastating effect, leaves me breathless. Dangerous undercurrents indeed."

3. *The Deadly Assassin*

"An audacious premise, an utterly lethal villain, that third episode, and a lovely little coda; like *Logopolis*, a rare example of the Doctor as hero. One suspects that Mr Segal might use the character in much the same way; on the evidence here, that'd be no bad thing."

4. *Full Circle*

"The entire E-space trilogy should sit here, but I've chosen this for Romana's spooky possession, for the Marshchild subplot – a perfect and very sad counterpoint to the main story – and for the Doctor's righteous, awe-inspiring and toweringly magnificent fury in Part Three."

5. *Image of the Fendahl*

"A blatant knock-off of two of my favourite British horror movies – *Quatermass and the Pit* and *The Creeping Flesh* – and there's no harm in that. Cushing and Lee could have played Fendleman and Stael."

6. *The Tomb of the Cybermen*

"Shock confession: I don't really like the Cybermen much. This is different; a grim and desperate fusion of all the things the series does well. Troughton's Doctor is a Machiavellian tempter throughout."

7. *Destiny of the Daleks*

"So much of this excited my nine-year-old imagination – those buttock-clenchingly tense cliffhangers, the 'zombies', Davros' resurrection, Romana's 'death' – that I carefully wrote out a novelisation of it in a tatty exercise book. No-one rates it at all now; remembering myself enraptured and agog, I find that rather sad."

8. *Pyramids of Mars*

"Stickily fearful and mesmerically transfixed, at five I couldn't cope with this at all. Afterwards, my mother wisely forbade me from watching the series again until *The Power of Kroll* Part Three. That Robert Holmes has a lot to answer for."

9. *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*

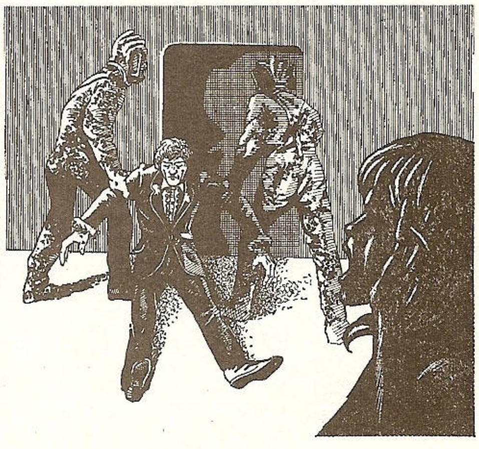
"The only *Doctor Who* story which can truly be said to have acquired mythic status; the Dalek rising out of the Thames is but one moment of many which now resides in the pop culture unconscious. The original alien invasion and still the best; it's also the only takeover to have actually been successful."

10. *The Trial of a Time Lord Parts Five - Eight*

"Astonishingly, the *Mindwarp* chapter remains the series' sole excursion into all-out body horror, exploring the nature of monstrosity and the psychology of physical revulsion. Stylistically, it's a high-camp, Am-dram *Dante's Inferno* with a gut-wrenching finale – which still works – and music to die for. I love it to bits."

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



Miss Shaw's folk-singing rendered the Doctor unconscious and easy prey to his trinocular prehistoric foe

appeal – the main question we wanted answering was: could that approach to the series still work in the Nineties? I believe we did *get a definite – and* positive *– answer to that.*

THE EIGHTH DOCTOR

What a brilliant choice Paul McGann is. I hope that the choice of such an acclaimed actor (and fan), will bring a renewed and positive impetus to the return of the Doctor to our TV screens. He has just the right mix of alieness, to play the part; his own way. I hope he does not fall into the trap of combining the characters of all the Doctors.

This is not to say that McCoy did a bad job, he didn't. However, as a thirteen-year-old (as I was in 1989), I had to witness the erosion, and eventual (if temporary) destruction of my favourite programme. Since my initial experience with the Doctor (aged four), It has captivated and interested me. I also hope that the Daleks show the same malevolence as they did when gliding around the Kaled bunker on Skaro.

Fresh writing talent is required, if the future of *Doctor Who* is to be ensured. If American writers are going to be used, then they must be imaginative, open-minded to the British influence and if they possibly can, avoid the use of sub-space pathways, neural nets and warp nacelles. These technical features are an overused means of escape for the various Star Fleet crews that are on our screens at the moment. We want some good, wholesome action, a little mild violence (nothing can exist without it these days), good scripts that utilise the unique acting talents available; and inevitably some damn good special effects, without which *Doctor Who* on TV cannot survive.

Daniel Billing
Burgess Hill,
West Sussex.

THAT'S LIFE!

I've just received Issue 234 of your wonderful magazine, and found it an enjoyable and informing read (as usual!), except for some of the letters I found in *Timelines*. I have never written away like this before, but after reading some of these letters, I felt compelled to write.

First of all there was the letter from Matthew Jarron, a 'supposed' *Doctor Who* fan. So he thinks that the *New Adventures* should be aimed more towards children. I think that there are more adults who want to read a *Doctor Who* series than children. Therefore, they should be geared towards adults. Admittedly, the books do contain more violence and swearing, but hey, that's what life is like! I find the books to be very realistic and very well written. Next, he went on to complain that your magazine doesn't cover the William Hartnell era very much. Apparently he's reading a different magazine than I am. I think that your magazine does a great job at covering all of the eras equally.

Second, the letter from Dan Lovelace had me burning up and laughing at the same time. How absurd can one get! Yes, I want *Doctor Who* to stay British (even though I'm a Canadian. Don't that beat all!). It's 'fans' (and I use the term loosely) like this that are going to destroy the future of *Doctor Who*. It's very apparent that *Doctor Who* will not be made without outside support. American support is inevitable.

How can one pass judgement on something that has yet to be made? I for one am going to reserve judement until I see the finished product, which I am eagerly awaiting. "AIRWOLF MEETS VOYAGER MEETS ELLEN!"??? Dan, I think you need to get out just a little more often.

Well, enough of my griping. I suggest that your magazine ignores such 'fans' as Matthew Jarron and Dan Lovelace, and keeps up the good work! In Canada, news on *Doctor Who* is hard to come by, and your magazine is still the best source!

Marlon Wuytenburg
London, Ontario
Canada

AU REVOIR SARAH

I just wanted to congratulate the editor on his opening remarks in **DWM** 235. I cannot agree with him more on his feelings when Sarah left. I will never forgive her either. I am now twenty-seven years old and I can still remember being very confused and upset when she left. Surely it was a mistake – he would come back for her, after all, she didn't really want to leave. Sadly she never returned. As was so rightly pointed out, she wasn't the same Sarah Jane Smith in *K9 and Company*.

Thank you for reminding me of that time – it is good to know that I was not the only one who felt that way.

I Rowsell
<ivan@skiver.demon.co.uk>

It is apparent to me from this letters page that there are many matters of gravity and great import to be discussed amongst fans in the world, nay, universe, of *Doctor Who*; deep and profound questions to be mulled over, contentious issues brought to light, lost souls and lost luggage to be reunited with fretful, intellectual owners. I, being a simple soul – and Australian to boot – am not possessed of such keen cogitative faculties as many of your readers, so my 'great' questions regarding the program are somewhat simpler in nature. So I hope that not too many of your sage readers will guffaw and snort contemptuously when I raise this one particular issue that is enflaming my sensibilites at the moment.

Call me a prude, a crass reactionary, say of me that I am, unlike the Brigadier, not "a swinger at heart" – but why-oh-why have cover illustrators of the *Missing Adventures* books taken to pneumatically inflating Sarah Jane Smith's breast size (I cite *Mangara* and particularly *System Shock*)? Tasteless and tacky, say I! Sarah Jane was perfect as she was.

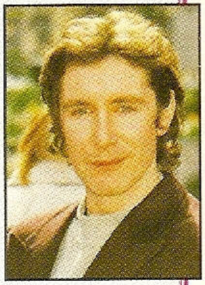
And it's Sarah Jane we want, not *Baywatch* bimbos. I am sure that the writers of these books pay great attention to the details of characters and try unstintingly to recreate and develop them faithfully. However, the cover artists seem to have let their capacity for recreating adolescent fantasies overwhelm them. For shame!

There. That's my piece said.

Shane Wright
Queensland,
Australia.
shane@thehub.com.au

Ah yes . . . "Too broad and too deep for the small screen . . ."

COMING IN ISSUE 238



The *Doctor Who* TV Movie

Gary Gillatt reports directly from the set of this exciting new project in Vancouver, Canada, with interviews with the cast and crew, sneak previews and new photos!

Colony in Space

An in-depth archive on this Third Doctor adventure, with background information, story details and previously unseen photos.

The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs

JN-T turns his attention to Season Twenty-One, with the conclusion of the Peter Davison era and the arrival of Colin Baker . . .

Chris D'Oyly-John

In the first of a two-part interview, the former *Doctor Who* production manager remembers his time on the show through the Hartnell, Troughton and Pertwee eras.

The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge Part Three

by Alan Barnes

Prunella's invasion plans reach fruition; the Doctor and Jo, meanwhile, find their escape plan undermined by a very old enemy . . .

on sale 11th April

Fluid Links

Stock Footage

A monster lurches through a mad scientist's mountain-top laboratory; it howls in anguish as it catches sight of its own grotesque reflection in a mirror. Its creator, the aforementioned power-crazed scientist, tries to regain control of the creature. "Don't you recognise me?" he demands. "I made you." But the monster, far beyond reason, attacks its creator and crushes him in a fierce bear-hug.

At this point, my viewing of *The Brain of Morbius* was interrupted by my partner who, after peering at the videotaped action for a few moments, remarked: "It's a bit clichéd, isn't it." I was just about to defend my favourite programme by informing my non-fan partner that *The Brain of Morbius* isn't clichéd at all, but is – to the informed viewer – an intelligent and exciting exploration of Gothic themes, when one of the Sisterhood of Karn appeared on screen, screaming, "Death to those who enter the shrine! Your presence is a blasphemy against the sacred flame," and my argument duly fell apart. For there is no denying that *Doctor Who* has had its clichéd moments and, judging by *The Brain of Morbius*, there have been quite a few of them. But what does it mean to be clichéd? And is it really such a bad thing to be?

My dictionary defines 'cliché' as "A stereotyped phrase, idea, plot or situation" – and, in turn, 'stereotype' as "conforming to a stock image". Now, it strikes me that much of *Doctor Who* deals in stock imagery. Walking mummies, robot men, Frankenstein's monster, brave but powerless rebels, cowled and disfigured villains: all undoubted clichés, but all important factors in the success of some of the very finest *Doctor Who* stories.

I suspect that the most successful use of a cliché puts a new spin on the stock image; takes an old image or idea and uses it to tell an original story. *The Brain of Morbius* is an excellent example: it borrows heavily from old *Frankenstein* movies (and H Rider Haggard's *She*), but is far more than just a hastily-assembled collage.

Scriptwriter Terrance Dicks' original idea was to retell *Frankenstein* but twist the original tale by making the Monster's creator a robot. Having no aesthetic sense, the robot would create a monstrous patchwork of a body for the once-noble Morbius. When the robot proved to be too expensive to realise, script editor Robert Holmes created the human character Solon to replace it, much to Dicks' disapproval, causing the writer to ask for his name to be removed from the credits. Despite the loss of the story's twist, *The Brain of Morbius* is no straightforward retelling of Mary Shelley's classic or the stream of movies that her novel spawned; Solon isn't *making* a man but *remaking* a Time Lord. The writer weaves shoplifted elements seamlessly into the fabric of a new and ingenious story concerning Gallifreyan villainy.

Clichéd images are usually powerful and evocative; that's why they endure.

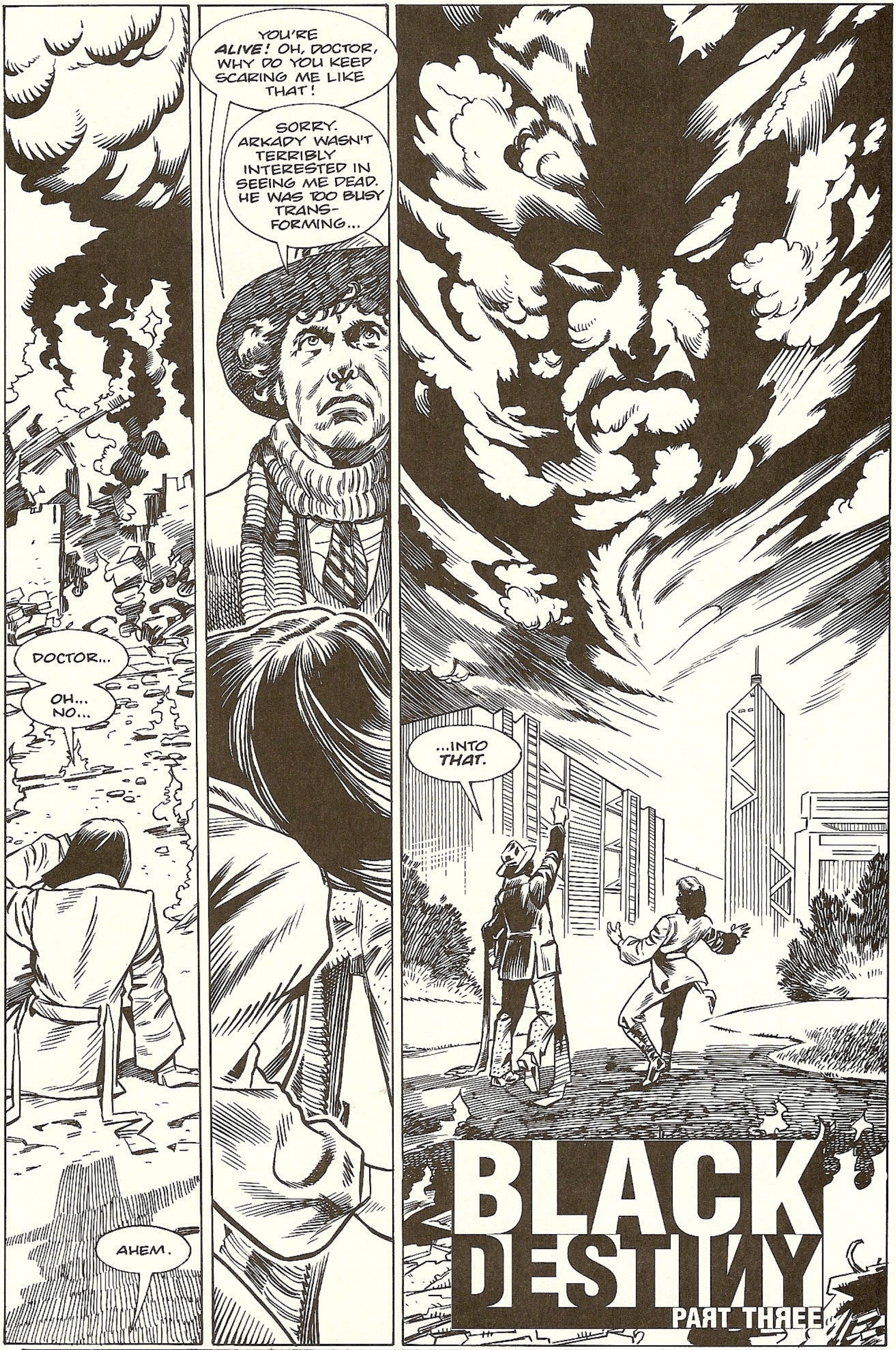
Clichéd images are usually powerful and evocative; that's why they endure. And television drama, particularly science fiction, which has rarely enjoyed the large budgets of film, has to work hard to create powerful and enduring images. The recreation of stock images – the monster coming to life, stalking the blind girl who's unaware of its presence, and its eventual clifftop demise before a torch-wielding crowd – enables television to conjure up lasting and involving small screen pictures on a shoestring budget. I suspect that it is precisely because we are so familiar with these images that they come to life for us so effortlessly.

This is not to say that the use of cliché always works to the programme's benefit. Take the 1985 story *Timelash*, for example. Once again, this story borrows much from early science fiction; in this instance, the author of the pilfered work actually appears as character in the adventure. Elements from several of HG Wells' novels are present in the plot, and are consciously referenced throughout the story. However, after recently re-viewing this story, I remain uncertain as to why scriptwriter Glen McCoy went to the trouble. Whereas Dicks and Holmes used *Frankenstein* and *She* to tell their own unique story, McCoy seems content to simply reference Wells for the sake of it. There's no spin on Wells' ideas and, despite mention of an earlier adventure involving the Doctor on Karfel, no attempt is made to reinterpret Wells' concepts within *Doctor Who*'s own mythology. What we are left with is nineteenth century science fiction offered to us straight and, perhaps unsurprisingly, to a twentieth century audience this seems naive and rather dull. Karfel is a planet ruled by a hidden and deformed tyrant who is served upon by emotionless robot-men and mildly troubled by rather pathetic rebels. The banal, bygone simplicity of this Wellsian vision of the future can be summarised in the moment where one of the faceless baddies, upon being told that Peri has escaped, glances in the direction that she has run to and says: "Still, there's nothing that way but rebels, dank tunnels and the Morlocks." This is cliché of the very worst kind; the problem isn't that it "conforms to stock images" (although McCoy manages to reference three in that single line of dialogue alone), but that it is just unbelievably trite.

I was watching *Timelash* a few hours after *The Brain of Morbius* when, once again, my partner wandered into the sitting-room and watched it over my shoulder for a few minutes. This time, the verdict was different: "It's a bit crap, isn't it?"

And this time I could only agree.

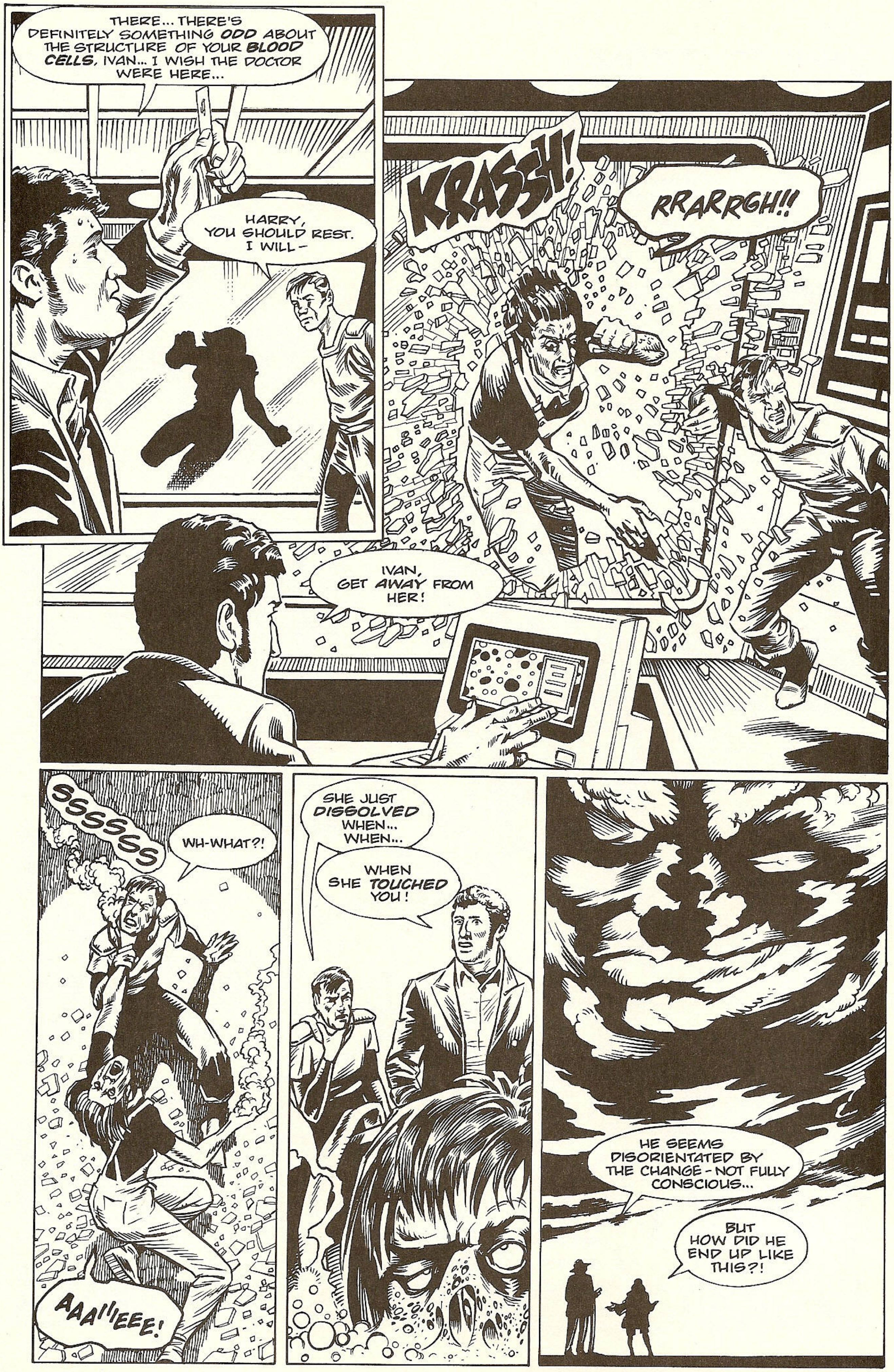
Matthew Jones

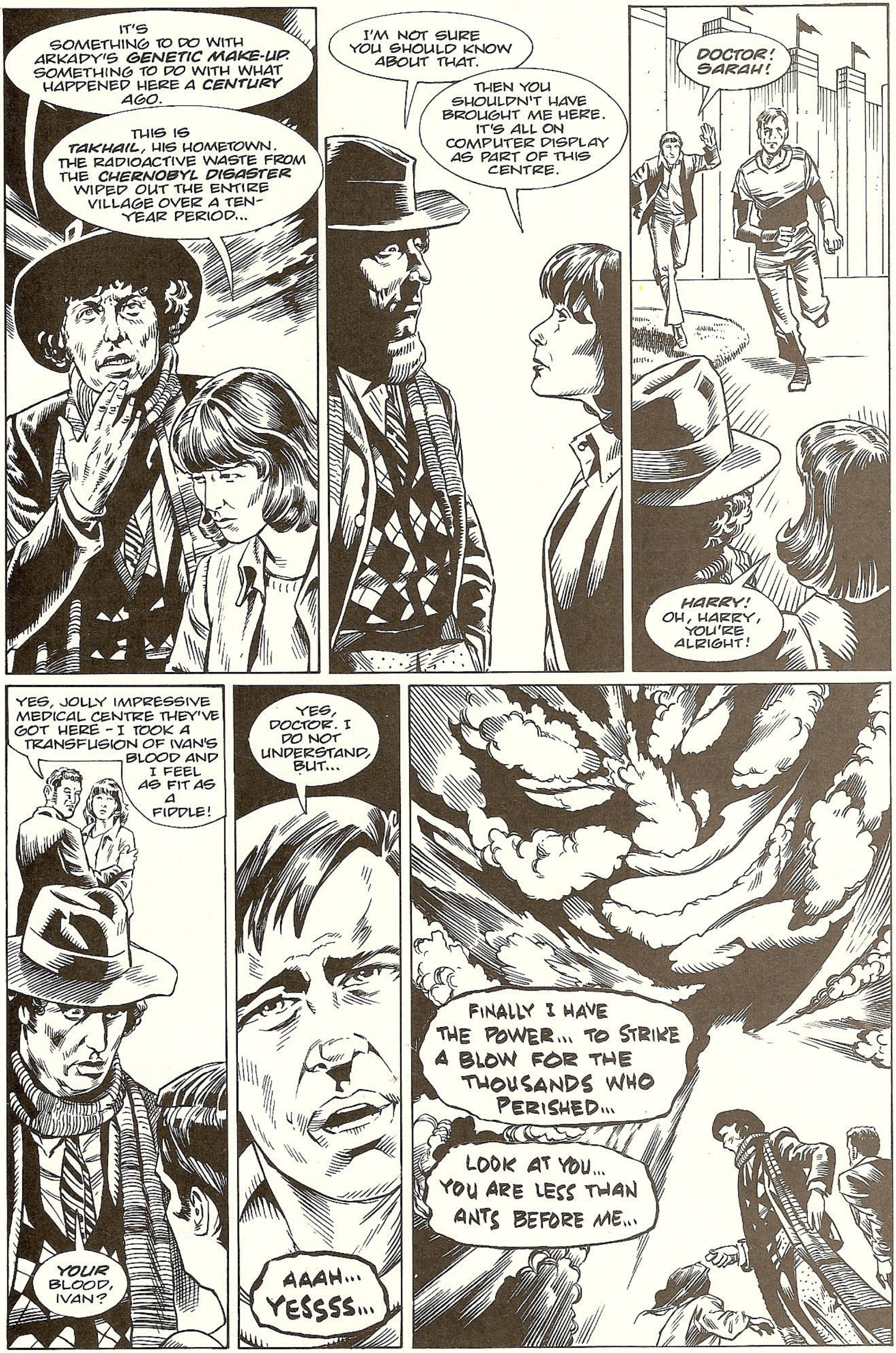

DOCTOR...
OH... NO...
AHEM.
YOU'RE *ALIVE!* OH, DOCTOR, WHY DO YOU KEEP SCARING ME LIKE THAT!
SORRY. ARKADY WASN'T TERRIBLY INTERESTED IN SEEING ME DEAD. HE WAS TOO BUSY TRANSFORMING...
...INTO *THAT.*

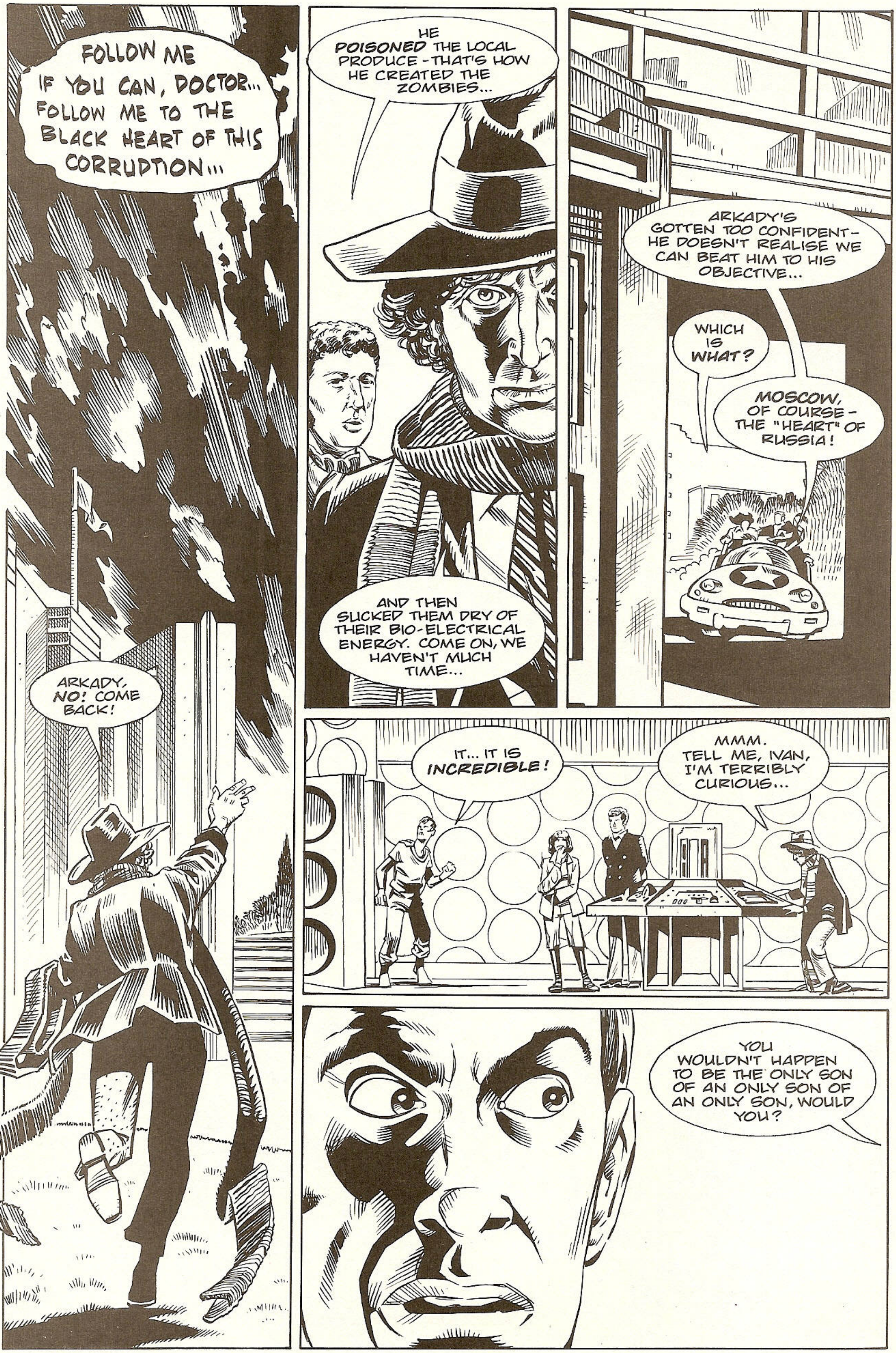
BLACK DESTINY

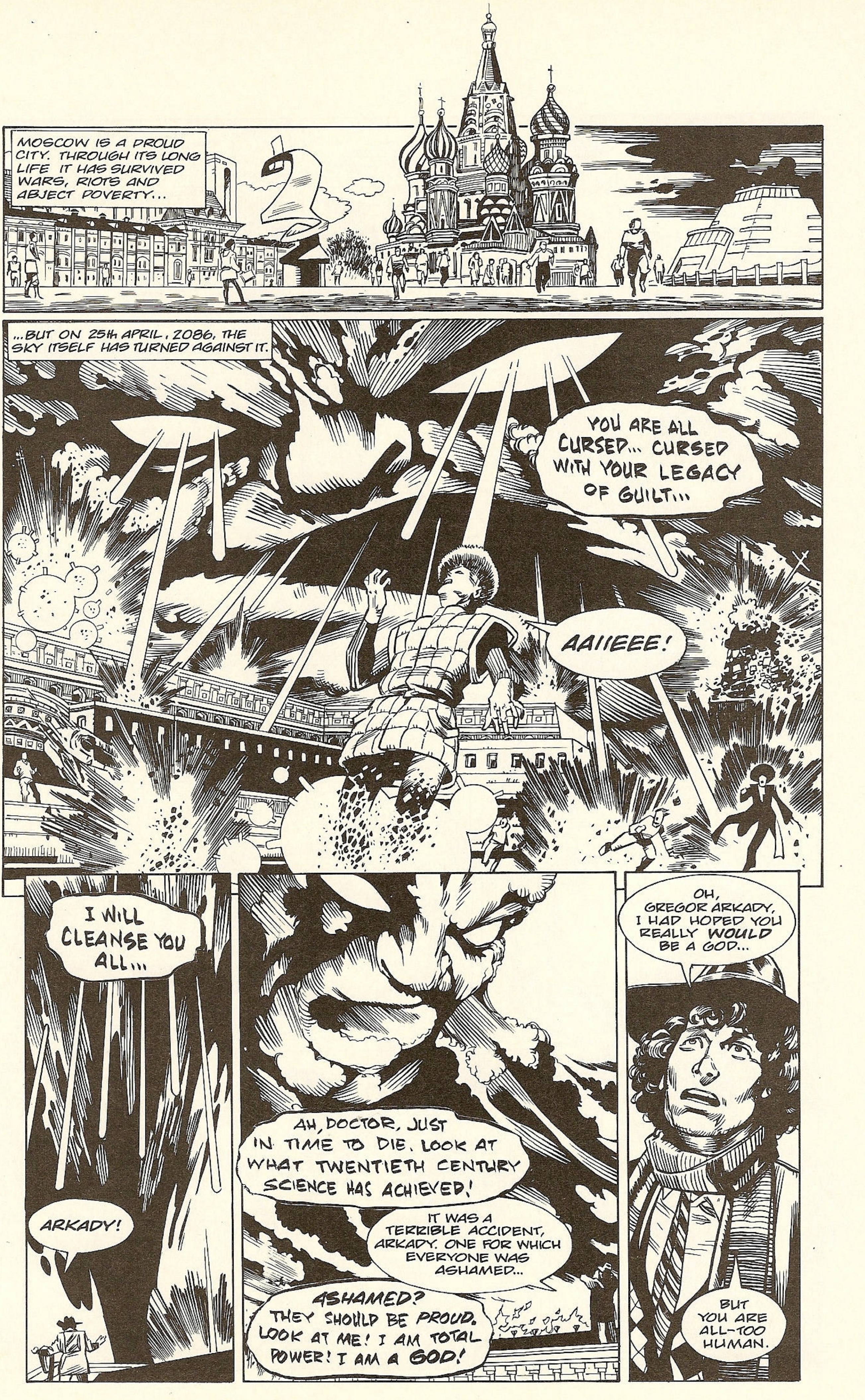
PART THREE

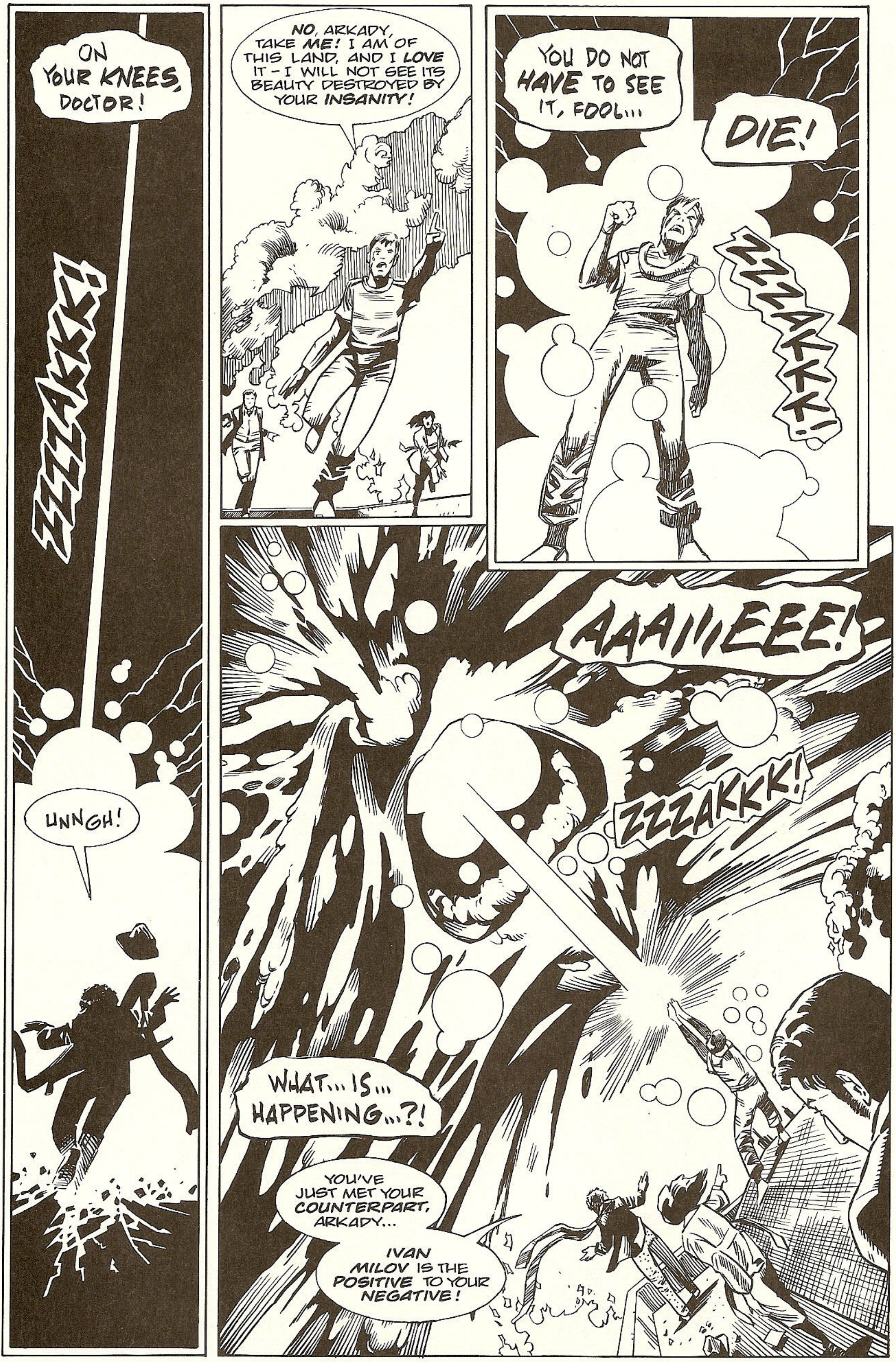
STORY: GARY RUSSELL PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: BAMBOS GEORGIOU LETTERS: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: SCOTT GRAY + GARY GILLATT

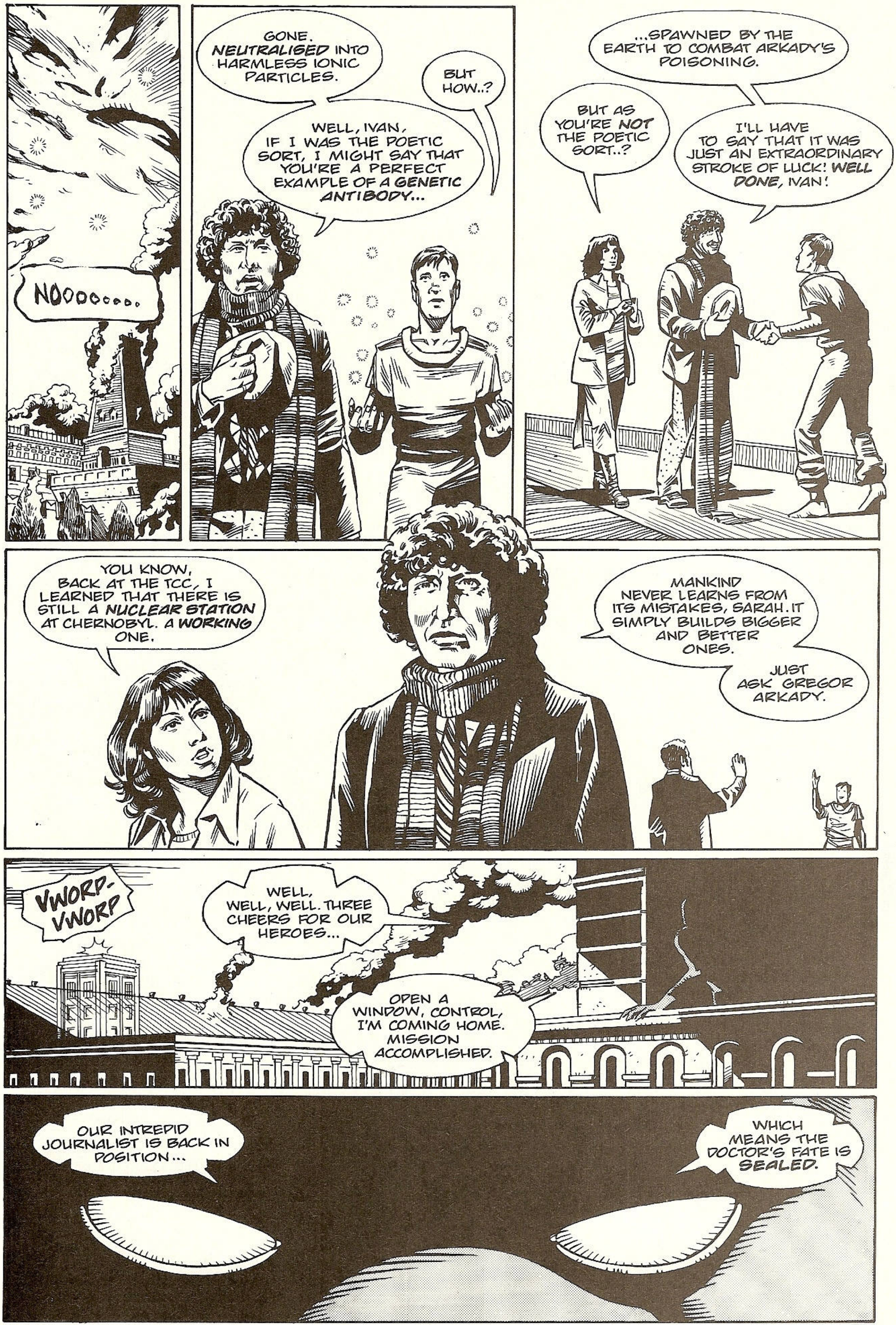

THERE... THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BLOOD CELLS, IVAN... I WISH THE DOCTOR WERE HERE...
HARRY, YOU SHOULD REST. I WILL -
KRASSH!
RRARRGH!!
IVAN, GET AWAY FROM HER!
SSSSSS
WH-WHAT?!
AAAIIIEEE!
SHE JUST DISSOLVED WHEN... WHEN...
WHEN SHE TOUCHED YOU!
HE SEEMS DISORIENTATED BY THE CHANGE - NOT FULLY CONSCIOUS...
BUT HOW DID HE END UP LIKE THIS?!


IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH ARKADY'S **GENETIC MAKE-UP.** SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED HERE A **CENTURY** AGO.
THIS IS **TAKHAIL**, HIS HOMETOWN. THE RADIOACTIVE WASTE FROM THE **CHERNOBYL DISASTER** WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OVER A TEN-YEAR PERIOD...
I'M NOT SURE YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THAT.
THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT ME HERE. IT'S ALL ON COMPUTER DISPLAY AS PART OF THIS CENTRE.
DOCTOR! SARAH!
HARRY! OH, HARRY, YOU'RE ALRIGHT!
YES, JOLLY IMPRESSIVE MEDICAL CENTRE THEY'VE GOT HERE - I TOOK A TRANSFUSION OF IVAN'S BLOOD AND I FEEL AS FIT AS A FIDDLE!
YOUR BLOOD, IVAN?
YES, DOCTOR. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT...
AAAH... YESSSS...
FINALLY I HAVE THE POWER... TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR THE THOUSANDS WHO PERISHED...
LOOK AT YOU... YOU ARE LESS THAN ANTS BEFORE ME...


FOLLOW ME IF YOU CAN, DOCTOR... FOLLOW ME TO THE BLACK HEART OF THIS CORRUPTION...
ARKADY, NO! COME BACK!
HE POISONED THE LOCAL PRODUCE - THAT'S HOW HE CREATED THE ZOMBIES...
AND THEN SUCKED THEM DRY OF THEIR BIO-ELECTRICAL ENERGY. COME ON, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...
ARKADY'S GOTTEN TOO CONFIDENT - HE DOESN'T REALISE WE CAN BEAT HIM TO HIS OBJECTIVE...
WHICH IS WHAT?
MOSCOW, OF COURSE - THE "HEART" OF RUSSIA!
IT... IT IS INCREDIBLE!
MMM. TELL ME, IVAN, I'M TERRIBLY CURIOUS...
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE THE ONLY SON OF AN ONLY SON OF AN ONLY SON, WOULD YOU?

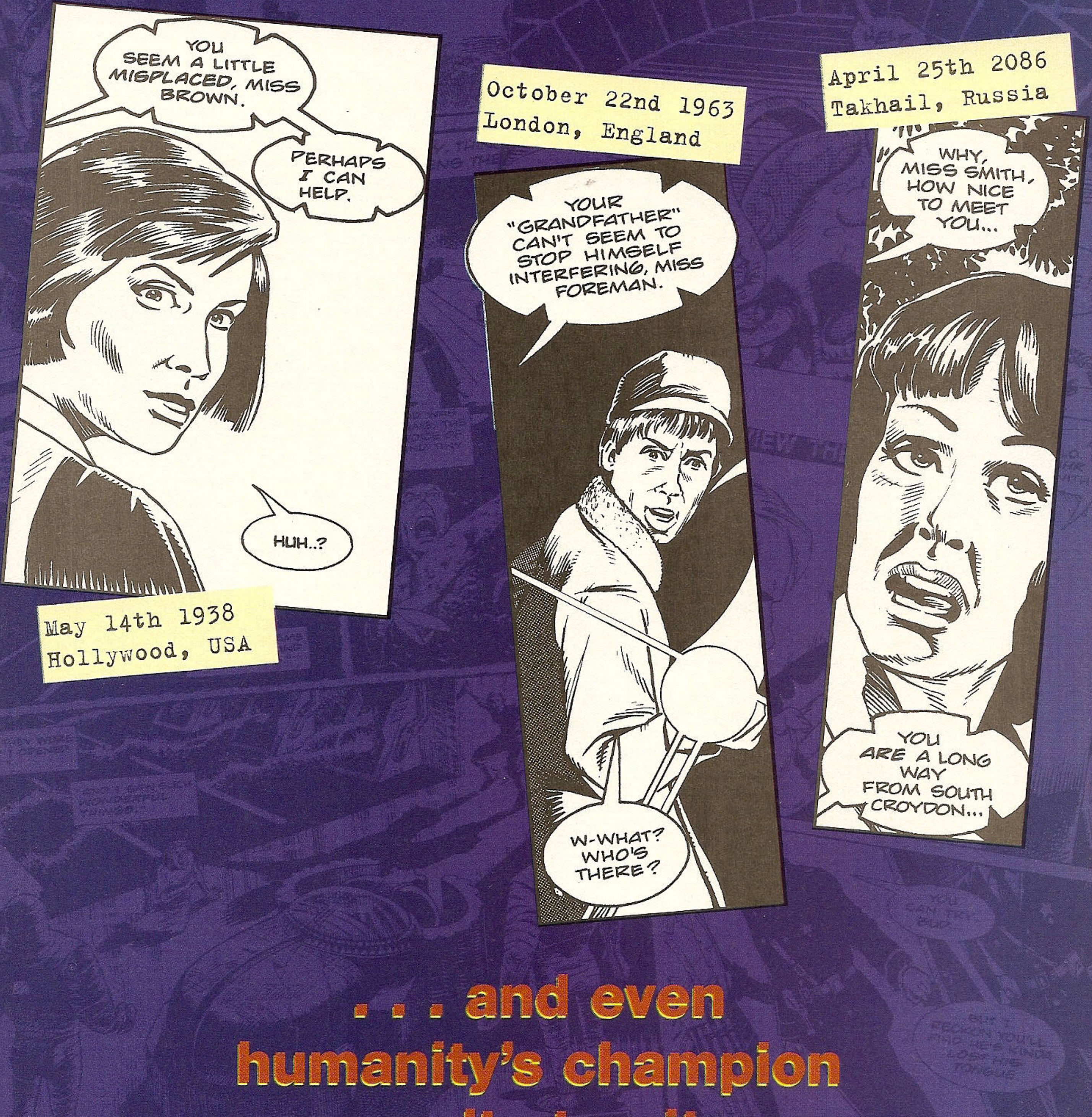

MOSCOW IS A PROUD CITY. THROUGH ITS LONG LIFE IT HAS SURVIVED WARS, RIOTS AND ABJECT POVERTY...
...BUT ON 25th APRIL, 2086, THE SKY ITSELF HAS TURNED AGAINST IT.
YOU ARE ALL CURSED... CURSED WITH YOUR LEGACY OF GUILT...
AAIIEEE!
I WILL CLEANSE YOU ALL...
ARKADY!
AH, DOCTOR, JUST IN TIME TO DIE. LOOK AT WHAT TWENTIETH CENTURY SCIENCE HAS ACHIEVED!
IT WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT, ARKADY. ONE FOR WHICH EVERYONE WAS ASHAMED...
ASHAMED? THEY SHOULD BE PROUD. LOOK AT ME! I AM TOTAL POWER! I AM A GOD!
OH, GREGOR ARKADY, I HAD HOPED YOU REALLY WOULD BE A GOD...
BUT YOU ARE ALL-TOO HUMAN.


ON YOUR **KNEES**, DOCTOR!
ZZZZAKKK!
UNNGH!
NO, ARKADY, TAKE **ME**! I AM OF THIS LAND, AND I **LOVE** IT – I WILL NOT SEE ITS BEAUTY DESTROYED BY YOUR **INSANITY**!
YOU DO NOT **HAVE** TO SEE IT, FOOL...
DIE!
ZZZAKKK!
AAAIIEEE!
ZZZAKKK!
WHAT... IS... HAPPENING...?!
YOU'VE JUST MET YOUR **COUNTERPART**, ARKADY...
IVAN MILOV IS THE **POSITIVE** TO YOUR **NEGATIVE**!


NOOOO.....
GONE. NEUTRALISED INTO HARMLESS IONIC PARTICLES.
BUT HOW..?
WELL, IVAN, IF I WAS THE POETIC SORT, I MIGHT SAY THAT YOU'RE A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A GENETIC ANTIBODY...
...SPAWNED BY THE EARTH TO COMBAT ARKADY'S POISONING.
BUT AS YOU'RE NOT THE POETIC SORT..?
I'LL HAVE TO SAY THAT IT WAS JUST AN EXTRAORDINARY STROKE OF LUCK! WELL DONE, IVAN!
YOU KNOW, BACK AT THE TCC, I LEARNED THAT THERE IS STILL A NUCLEAR STATION AT CHERNOBYL. A WORKING ONE.
MANKIND NEVER LEARNS FROM ITS MISTAKES, SARAH. IT SIMPLY BUILDS BIGGER AND BETTER ONES.
JUST ASK GREGOR ARKADY.
VWORP-VWORP
WELL, WELL, WELL. THREE CHEERS FOR OUR HEROES...
OPEN A WINDOW, CONTROL, I'M COMING HOME. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
OUR INTREPID JOURNALIST IS BACK IN POSITION...
WHICH MEANS THE DOCTOR'S FATE IS SEALED.

NOT EXACTLY THE END...

A plan that has spanned centuries is almost complete . . .


YOU SEEM A LITTLE MISPLACED, MISS BROWN.
PERHAPS I CAN HELP.
HUH..?
YOUR "GRANDFATHER" CAN'T SEEM TO STOP HIMSELF INTERFERING, MISS FOREMAN.
W-WHAT? WHO'S THERE?
WHY, MISS SMITH, HOW NICE TO MEET YOU...
YOU ARE A LONG WAY FROM SOUTH CROYDON...

May 14th 1938
Hollywood, USA

October 22nd 1963
London, England

April 25th 2086
Takhail, Russia

. . . and even humanity's champion can't stop it.

The Seventh Doctor returns in GROUND ZERO, beginning in Doctor Who Magazine 238.

They're just around the corner . . .

Shelf Life

Just what have conspiracy theories
To do with our favourite series?
Will Bernice find her man?
Can Liz Shaw get a tan?
Dave Owen can answer our queries. . .

THE EYE OF THE GIANT

I was hoping to write about giant maggots and *The Green Death* this month, but BBC Video has cruelly denied me that pleasure. Christopher Bulis' latest Missing Adventure, *The Eye of the Giant* (ISBN 042 6204 697), doesn't have any maggots, but it does boast giant ants, giant crabs, giant bats, a giant spider and a giant snake; in fact, just about every other form of oversized Earth creature to have appeared in *Doctor Who*. Small consolation, I know.

DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE EYE OF THE GIANT
CHRISTOPHER BULIS

The story opens with a luxury yacht stranding itself on a deserted island in the South Pacific in 1934. The passengers and crew are instantly recognisable as the cast of an Irwin Allen disaster movie: Grover, the steady millionaire widower, with his gold-digging younger second wife, Nancy and the angelic daughter from his first marriage, Amelia. They've come to the island, it seems, to make an adventure film, starring Nancy and her rugged, yet inebriate leading man. They're accompanied by Sternberg, a discredited German doctor who is seeking the secret of the island to restore his reputation. Although far too many characters are introduced at the outset to be memorable, I had no doubt that they would soon start dying horribly, with the survivors eventually revealing their pent-up ambitions, jealousies and weaknesses, as characters in this sort of thing invariably do. Sure enough, they start dropping like flies. Almost literally, in one case.

Some forty years in the future, the Third Doctor and Liz Shaw are embarking on an Irwin Allen adventure of their own. Using bits from the TARDIS and the Time-Space Visualiser last seen in the Hartnell serial *The Chase,* they have constructed their very own 'Time Tunnel' in the Doctor's laboratory at UNIT HQ. The discovery of a radioactive fragment in their time causes them to direct the tunnel to the same island in 1943, where they discover a crashed alien spaceship that seems to be the cause of the mutations.

The first half of *The Eye of the Giant* is just as formulaic as it sounds, but it is executed with such competence that this really doesn't matter. In fact, now that the author has produced this third excellent *Missing Adventure* in a row after his uninspiring debut *New Adventure*, *Shadowmind*, it proves that his *métier* is in identifying existing genres and working within them, making him perfectly suited to the *Missing Adventures*. Throughout, he captures the essence of not just the Doctor and Liz, but the Brigadier, Benton and especially Mike Yates (still a sergeant in this story, set between the television serials *Inferno* and *Terror of the Autons)*. True to his on-screen character, he nevertheless comes across as more likeable and heroic. Although UNIT get to do some real soldiering, their mop-and-filing-cabinet spirit remains true to the television series, and the main weapon in their arsenal is the HQ photocopier, used to produce leaflets which are hurled through the time tunnel to warn the Doctor and Liz of the island's impending volcanic demise.

The story develops into far more than a generic monster thriller as a second plot about altered history emerges, and Christopher's unpretentious and understandable style of writing makes the fantastic appear palatable. However, writers of *Missing Adventures* must remember that their stories do not stand in a vacuum – it seems unusual here that Liz is not reminded of the Silurians when confronting another enemy with a red, hypnotic third eye in the forehead. It's the only serious omission in the book. Apart, that is, from any giant maggots, but as Christopher's next book promises a return to the Vortis of *The Web Planet*, I remain hopeful.

The Eye of the Giant *by Christopher Bulis*

Mike was relieved to see the lifting of tension in the woman's face. Gently, he reached up and took her right arm and began to pull it away from the web. It came slowly free, trailing strings like half-set glue. He started work on releasing her head.

"We haven't been introduced," she said, wincing as her hair caught on the web. "I'm Amelia Grover."

"How do you do," replied Mike with a smile, trying to match her composure. "Sergeant Mike Yates, British Army, at your service. Presently on attachment to . . ." He remembered just in time that the United Nations did not exist in 1934: ". . . a special scientific unit."

DEATH AND DIPLOMACY

I'll freely confess that I was dreading *Death and Diplomacy* (ISBN 0 426 20468 9). Some debut novels are simply "unpromising" but *Sky Pirates!*, Dave Stone's first *New Adventure*, struck me as the product of a mind utterly unsuited to the selfless discipline of writing *Doctor Who*. My sense of foreboding upon opening his next book was deepened by the discovery of a foreword worthy of inclusion in *Pseud's Corner* in an edition of *Private Eye*, which conveyed the depressing news that this volume formed the second of a trilogy. Gritting my teeth, I read on. After all, perhaps there would be some giant maggots.

The first fifty pages are pretty tough going. The author establishes a conflict between three utterly alien yet oddly human races, whose leaders have all been brought to a summit aboard an artificial satellite by the frightening Hollow Gods they worship. The Doctor has been abducted to act as arbiter in their peace negotiations. There's nothing inherently wrong with the material here, but the delivery is often immensely irritating. For instance, at one point Benny's new boyfriend Jason ponders that "Maybe his optical sensory biosystems were too close together or something". The only conceivable reason that Dave could have for using "optical sensory biosystems" here when "eyes" would do just as well is that he thinks it's funny. This sort of self-indulgence mars otherwise perfectly acceptable prose, as does Dave's habit of adding utterly redundant codicils to many sentences. For some reason. In a sense.

Death and Diplomacy *by Dave Stone*

"It must have taken thousands of years of insanely complicated planning to get these people to this point, and who would have the . . ." She trailed off. "Are you pondering what I'm pondering?"

"No", said Chris. "He wouldn't. Would he?"

Roz thought about it. "Nah," she said at last. "Probably not."

"What, not his style you mean?" said Chris. "You mean he's too fundamentally decent to allow such needless loss of life in pursuance of some unknowable end?'

"Nah," said Roz. "I mean it's been thousands of years and the whole thing hasn't even fallen apart spectacularly once."

Undoubtedly the single most annoying thing about *Death and Diplomacy* is that I eventually began to enjoy it, and had to abandon the sneering vitriol I was mentally planning. A few issues ago, I stated that whether one appreciates jokes in a novel depends largely upon whether one has decided to enjoy the book as a whole and buy into the author's conceits and indulgences. It is in Dave's treatment of the Doctor's travelling companions that he proves his abilities, and finally wins my sympathy as a reader.

Christopher Cwej and Roslyn Forrester are in some ways a natural comedy double-act, the contrast between their, respectively, nauseatingly naive and sickeningly cynical natures being comically underlined by the fact that they do exactly the same job but approach it with completely different perspectives. This equilibrium is maintained here, as they go undercover to infiltrate the space marines of one of the warring factions. The weary cliché that stealing from one source is plagiarism, but doing so from many counts as research is most apparent here: Chris and Roz at first appear to have walked straight into Robert Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*, then into Perry and Croft's *It Ain't Half Hot Mum*, and finally into Harry Harrison's *Bill, The Galactic Hero*. I laughed long and hard, through my acquaintance with all of them. Perhaps all the sections I didn't like were allusions to works I didn't know.

THE NEW
DOCTOR WHO
ADVENTURES
DEATH AND DIPLOMACY
DAVE STONE

The centrepiece has to be the fiery courtship of Bernice with Jason Kane, a twenty-nine-year-old hustler abducted from 1996 Earth by aliens. It's an adult relationship in every sense, made totally believable by Jason's deadly serious background – the most sombre element in the book. The reader knows that they are in love long before either of them will admit it, and the relationship gains dramatic credibility by Bernice confiding more about herself and her semi-fictional past to Jason than she has to any character in the *New Adventures* before. The relationship gains credibility by taking place in a deeply cynical book, utterly devoid of any sense of innocence, wonder or amazement.

Having decided to enjoy *Death and Diplomacy* I was rewarded by a novel that rather cleverly describes itself. For instance, when the plot simply runs out and all that is left is for the villain to be rather straightforwardly dispatched, the Doctor comments, "Bit of an anticlimax, really". Elsewhere, when outlining the villain's plot, revolving around a kind of time machine that can alter the past in order to cause itself to come into being, he describes it as insanely over-convoluted; unmistakably alluding to the book itself. To my utter amazement, I find myself looking forward to Dave Stone's next work. Why, this one even mentions maggots, although disappointingly not giant ones.

Who Killed Kennedy
by James Stevens and David Bishop

Professor Shaw would neither confirm nor deny anything about anyone known as 'the Doctor' or as 'Doctor John Smith'. She had been present at or involved in several of the flashpoints I had detailed in my *Bad Science* book including Wenley Moor, the Mars Probe crisis and Project Inferno, but was unable to discuss them further. She had left the international taskforce amicably some months after the closure of Project Inferno and was now undertaking research into genetic engineering and genetic diseases, with a special focus on the reptile world.

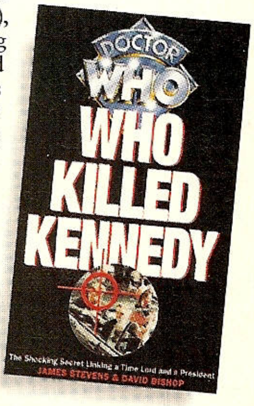
WHO KILLED KENNEDY

Had President John F Kennedy not been killed by an assassin's bullet on Dealy Plaza, Texas on December 22nd 1963, many things would have been different – the political map of the world most obviously. The first episode of *Doctor Who* would have been transmitted on time, and not repeated a week later. And literally dozens of sensationalistic books containing exposés of the supposed conspiracy behind the assassination would not have been written. These books, mainly written by journalists, boast such lurid titles as *The Mafia Killed President Kennedy*, *On the Trail of the Assassins*, and even 1964's *Who Killed Kennedy*(!). Their covers typically boast a bold title and a dubiously tasteful picture featuring the Presidential motorcade, assassin's cross-hairs, or a gravestone and a back-cover blurb promising to reveal vital new facts. Therefore, even from the outside, David Bishop's own *Who Killed Kennedy* (ISBN 0 426 20467 0) is a perfect pastiche.

Although it is credited to both David Bishop and James Stevens, the latter is a fictional journalist whose investigations into numerous government cover-ups in the early Seventies lead him to investigate UNIT. Stevens is every inch the typical Fleet Street journo, distracted only from his quest for the truth by an excess of alcohol or sleeping partners. His prose style is direct and matter-of-fact, and this adds a comic pathos to the character's marriage breakdown and regular sustained beatings at the hands of most of the authority figures he crosses.

Although *Who Killed Kennedy* touches on the events of televised *Doctor Who* adventures that took place before UNIT was established, such as *The War Machines* and *Remembrance of the Daleks*, Stevens' investigations really begin when he receives a phone call from Mullins, the porter at Ashbridge Cottage Hospital. Wherever possible, David has incorporated Stevens into the television stories themselves; not only is he on the other end of the phone in this scene from *Spearhead from Space*, but it's him who calls the Brigadier at Wenley Moor during *Doctor Who and the Silurians,* causing the latter's "The Daily *what*? How did you get this number?" outburst. He's even one of the observers at Stangmoor Prison during the demonstration of the Keller Machine seen in *The Mind of Evil.*

Seen from outside, the activities of UNIT take on a particularly sinister tone. Much of this, it later transpires, is due to the activities of Department C19, the liason between UNIT and the government, responsible for putting out cover stories and ensuring that the truth about UNIT's role is kept secret. Although he manages to talk to many people near the organisation, such as Isobel Watkins (from *The Invasion*), Ralph Cornish (from *The Ambassadors of Death*) and Greg Sutton and Petra Williams (from *Inferno*), Stevens has limited success in actually talking to UNIT themselves, until he meets Francis Cleary, a young UNIT private who joins shortly before the second Auton invasion and becomes increasingly disturbed by his experiences at Stangmoor, the Nuton Complex and Devil's End. Interludes to Stevens' narrative are provided by Cleary's letters home to his mother.


DOCTOR WHO
WHO KILLED KENNEDY
The Shocking Secret Linking a Time Lord and a President
JAMES STEVENS & DAVID BISHOP

For a *Doctor Who* fan, the real joy of *Who Killed Kennedy* is in its relentless tying together of threads from *Doctor Who* in all its forms. Stevens' young journalistic protegés, for example, seem to include not only Sarah Jane Smith but also Ruby Duvall from the *New Adventure*, *Iceberg*. Even televised oddities are resolved; Britain's space programme was well in advance of the superpowers' because of technology remaining from *The Invasion*'s International Electromatics. For a book built on consistencies it's therefore a shame that it has some conspicuous and irritating errors of its own: it is Television Centre, not Broadcasting House that is in White City, and the provenance of Stevens' army revolver changes in a mere seven pages.

Ultimately, *Who Killed Kennedy* is compellingly entertaining, despite having almost nothing to do with Kennedy's assassination. The link comes right at the end and is extremely far-fetched; as Kevin Costner said in the film *JFK*, "Frankly Dave, I find your story unbelievable." Nevertheless, the book gives a fresh perspective on old *Doctor Who* material, and all it really lacks is some blurred telephoto evidence and an annotated route map. And giant maggots, of course. ◆

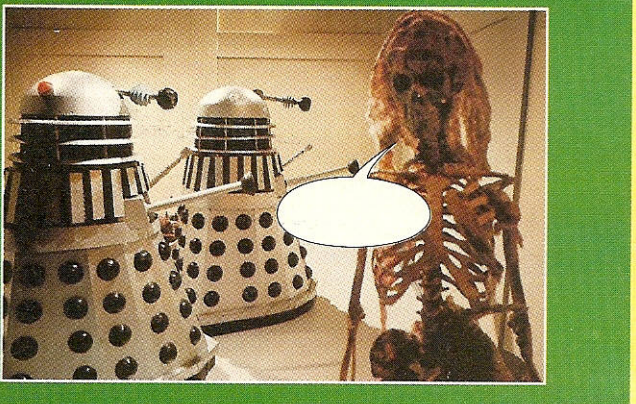
Crazy Caption!

Here is your chance to win one of TEN copies of *The Ghosts of N-Space*, courtesy of the BBC Radio Collection.

Just come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown below. The best ten will win a double cassette pack.

We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 237 at the editorial address on page three.



ERR... SET OF PANS, CUDDLY TOY... ERR... UM. THE DOCTOR!

Crazy Caption 233 result

We knew it would happen. We had always feared the day. We had made what few preparations we could but they were to no avail. Yes, the Andrew Pixley Fan Club has finally tracked us down. The group of fifty-or-so young women have spent years camped outside Arundel House, which towers like a tall building over Central London. They've been waiting for a chance to pay their respects to the great man himself (who many still refer to only as "That Bloke Who Writes The Archives"), and for an opportunity to touch the hem of his jacket, or be dazzled by the playful twinkle in his eye. I can hear their squeals of ecstacy and expectation coming from the street below. But now they've finally discovered our secret entrance around the back of the building. There's nothing else for it. To save Andrew, Marvel is going to have to relocate to new top secret offices somewhere in Tunbridge Wells. However, the girls have taken time to judge this month's *Crazy Caption*. Their favourite, from **Wayne Heaton** of Bumley, is printed above. The rest were a bit rubbish.

The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge

Part Two by Alan Barnes

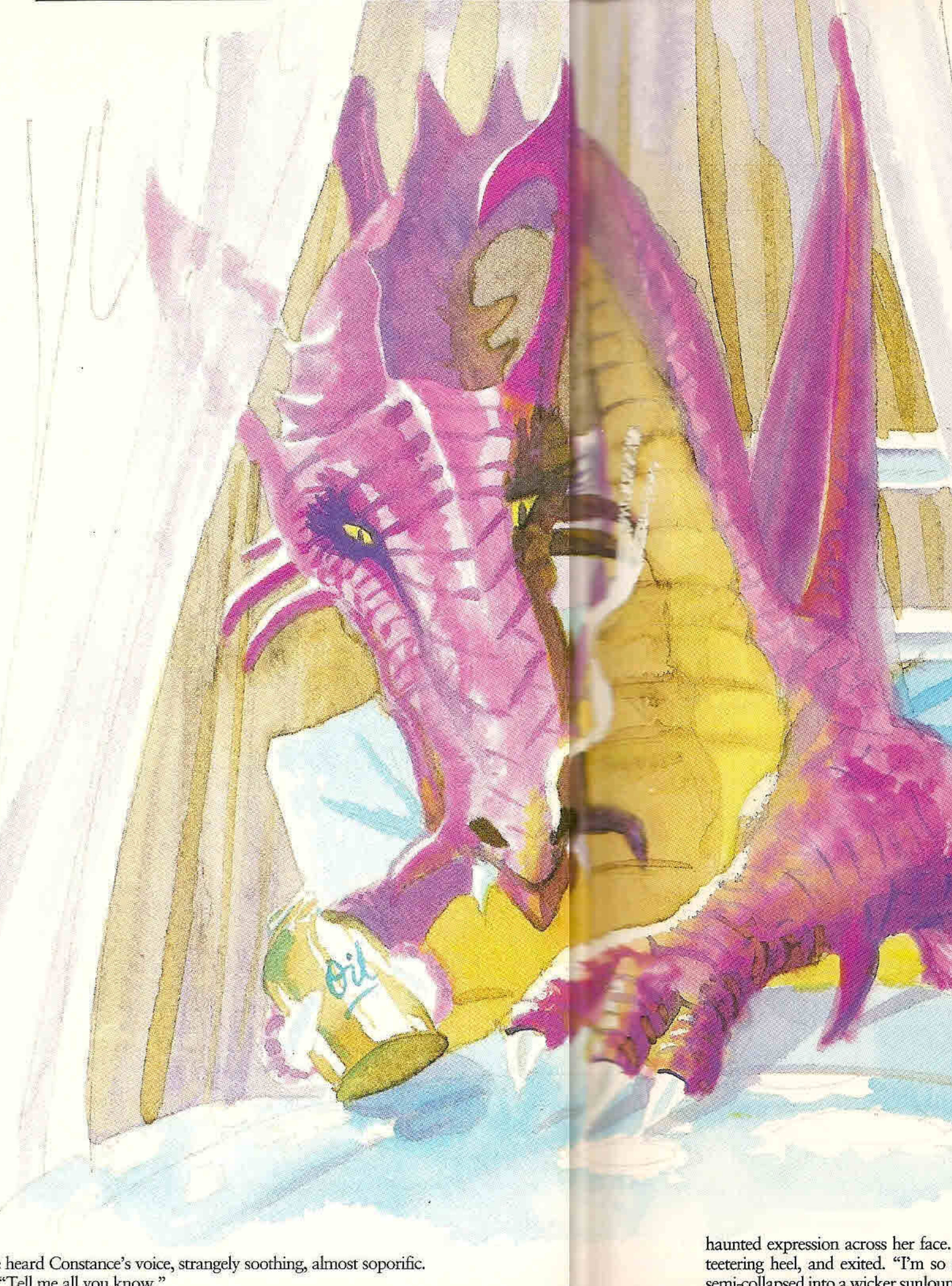


Illustration by Paul Vyse

In the hallway of Hyacinth Lodge hung a painting. It was cheap and shabby, a mock-canvas reproduction in a gilt-edged plywood frame: the Battle of Trafalgar rendered in broad swipes of oily gouache. In it, the British fleet, against all odds, took on the mighty armada of the beastly French, clouds of candyfloss cannon-smoke signalling 'no surrender'. Ensigns, strung across the British sails, spelled out a coded message which was worded along the bottom of the picture frame. Solemnly, in an italicised serif, it read: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY".

Naughton didn't know much about art, but he thought that this painting was the most heart-breakingly, achingly beautiful thing he'd ever seen. It took pride of place in the entrance-hall; his breast swelled with patriotic joy whenever his eyes fell upon it. Sometimes – for the benefit of the right sort of people, of course; sturdy, broad-shouldered Britons as solid as a willow bat – he'd deliver an impromptu lecture on the battle, on "our country's finest hour", pin-pointing the ruddy determination etched in blustery red upon the faces of the jolly English jack-tars as they marshalled resources of gunpowder and lead and readied themselves to die. Sometimes, like now, he'd steal a quiet moment to himself to stand away from the anonymous painting and drink it all in, rocking back and forth on his heels, perhaps with a single salty tear swelling in the corner of his eye.

England expects every man to do his duty.

The waiter watched the enraptured Naughton from behind the umbrella tree, a half-smirk playing across his swarthy features. Chuckling oh-so-softly to himself, he left.

*

In the peace of her boudoir, Prunella prepared herself for the greatest day of her life. Her gills were engorged; she calmed herself with music, oils and incense.

The nerve-endings in her skin were crawling, ready for The Brooding. She was hungry; having stunned the two creatures from UNIT with the cold fire from her belly – the gastric gas which readied the dragon's food for digestion – she had been none too happy that Naughton had forbad her from actually eating them (the one called 'Doctor' had seemed especially appetising). But she'd been assured that they were still needed for Naughton's plan.

Her plan, however, was just reaching fruition.

*

The lights shut off, and Jo Grant stopped screaming.

Blinking furiously, ghost patterns dancing over her aching pupils, she tried to reorient herself. She was strapped by her wrists and ankles to a three-quarter reclining couch, not unlike a dentist's chair. Nearby, pipes gurgled flatulently. Above her, about her, she could hear the Machine humming, ticking over. Behind, she heard Constance's PVC catsuit creaking.

She was in the Reprogramming Room, deep in the basement of Hyacinth Lodge. And there was no escape.

Constance swam into view, no more the demure, unfussy chambermaid. She was now a clipped and correct interrogator, her face a cold mask. "I'm not cruel, Miss Grant," she said, "but I do understand that the difference between Advanced Coercion and torture is merely a matter of weasel semantics. With the Pavlov Machine" – she indicated the cold, telescopic probe levelled between Jo's eyes – "I can make you believe anything. I can shape your every thought, bend your ego to my whim. I have made hardened spies bark like puppies. Once, I took on a grizzled old agent who had remained silent, unflinching, when investigators from the *Tonton Macoute* had shaved off his fingernails one at a time with a rusty razor. They had to start work on his toes with a blowtorch before he'd even hint at what day it was. Believe me, after thirteen minutes and seventeen seconds under the Machine, I made him cry out for his mummy. Tell me, little girl," sneered Constance, "how long will you last?"

"Longer than you think," said Jo, bravely. "I've been trained to resist Time Lord mind control techniques, Venusian hypnotism, the mesmerists of Orgo VII, the song of the sirens of Scylla and the ratcatchers of Hamelin. I'm a highly-trained United Nations operative and there's more to me than meets the eye. Do your worst!"

"So be it," smiled Constance. She flicked the Machine to 'on'. Jo blinked and the room vanished, to be replaced with a whirling kaleidoscope of as-yet-undreamt-of colour. She thought she was drowning, teetering at the edge of an impossible abyss. The pain was so pure as to almost transcend discomfort itself, to be something spiritual. All around she heard Constance's voice, strangely soothing, almost soporific.

"Tell me all you know."

And Jo Grant did.

*

Later in the hotel's conservatory, the Doctor picked two tiles from his rack and placed them squarely on the Scrabble board.

"M, O, D, E, M. Three, one, two, one, and treble three: sixteen points, I think," he said smugly. Opposite him, Naughton furrowed his brow. "'Modem'?" he spluttered. "What kind of word is that?"

To the Doctor's left, the Major was flicking frantically through a battered dictionary. "Can't find it in here, old chap," he said, almost apologetically. "It'll be in next year's edition," muttered the Doctor, snatching away his letters with a petulant flourish.

Constance shepherded Jo through the patio doors. The Doctor leaped from his seat to help his companion, who moved sluggishly, a haunted expression across her face. Constance turned sharply on one teetering heel, and exited. "I'm so sorry, Doctor," said Jo, who had semi-collapsed into a wicker sunlounger. "I couldn't help myself. I think I told her everything."

"What things?" asked the Doctor urgently.

"UNIT passwords. Ensigns. Security codes . . ." She turned away from the Doctor, ashamed.

The Doctor crossed the floor to face off Naughton. "Why?" he asked simply. Naughton leaned back in his chair, and made a church with his hands.

"Very shortly," he said, "The United Nations Intelligence Taskforce will be bombarded with a number of priority signals. Their intelligence will be fragmented, their forces in disarray as they attempt – hopelessly – to respond to apparently confirmed multiple reports of nationwide alien incursion.

"However," he continued, "while UNIT are running around like headless chickens, I – the senior officer in charge of the former Majestic Eight division – will announce the apprehension and capture of an extraterrestrial spacecraft and its occupant, an alien dragon. UNIT will be made a laughing-stock. Disgraced. And certain very important persons in the highest of offices will petition heavily for withdrawal of UNIT's MOD grant and the regrouping of Majestic Eight in their place."

"Majestic Eight!" exclaimed Jo. "The MI5 division which investigated unnatural phenomena before UNIT came into being!"

"The very same," replied Naughton. "After the war I was appointed to head up that covert division, before it was disbanded and I was pensioned off to manage this – establishment . . ." His voice trailed away bitterly.

"How on Earth did you become entangled with a Mexxonian Lizard?" asked the Doctor.

"Very well identified, Doctor. You are indeed UNIT's greatest asset; I was well advised to have you apprehended. A sleeping agent of mine made contact with me here. 'Prunella' – the Dragon – had crashed her spaceship in the Kent countryside. I arranged – with some assistance – to have her brought here in secret. She is going to help me do my duty."

"Your duty?" said the by now thoroughly confused Doctor.

"For England," said Naughton. He grew more animated, his voice raising by a full octave. "Majestic Eight was accountable only to the Cabinet, the British government. Tell me, to whom is UNIT accountable? Brussels? Geneva?" Veins began to bulge out from Naughton's neck. Blood vessels burst. His stomach ulcer let out a dyspeptic growl. "I know things, Doctor. I know all about the Cybermen invasion a few years back. All that technology, all those secrets could have been ours, could have been Britain's! But where was it sent, Doctor? Where did UNIT send those things of the future? Shall I tell you?"

The Doctor didn't doubt for a second that Naughton wasn't going to.

"To a research laboratory in – in" – Naughton paused, his fury building to an almighty crescendo – "Bonn! Bonn! UNIT gave them to the Germans!"

The Doctor looked deep into Naughton's raving eyes, and said slowly, sadly, "There's a new world being built out there. A better world. We are allies, now. We can share our knowledge."

"Share?" Naughton spat, contemptously. "I went to war, Doctor! I lost friends! And look at them now, cosy in Berlin, with their Volkswagens and their Deutchmarks! And us, bankrupt, broke, on strike! What happened to the Empire, Doctor? We don't even win at cricket anymore!" he wailed.

"Well, that's not the Germans' fault," said Jo. Naughton ignored her. "The Dragon has shown me things beyond imagination, things which should be ours, things which cannot be trusted to a wet conspiracy of federal idealism. The United Nations, Doctor? Don't make me laugh. Behind that pan-European veneer lies the devious mind of the greedy Hun, waiting and watching for their moment. Together, the Dragon and I will make Britain great again!"

Naughton slumped back into his chair, exhausted by rant. "Tell me," asked the Doctor, "what do you think the Dragon gets out of all this?"

"Safety," said Naughton. "Security. Help with repairs to her spaceship . . ."

"And that's all?" pressed the Doctor.

Naughton looked at him strangely, suddenly suspicious. "Why? What else could she want? What else might she need? Do you know something I don't?"

"She's pregnant," said the Doctor.

Naughton fell silent, slack-jawed.

"The physiognomy of the Mexxonian Lizard," continued the Doctor, "is really rather extraordinary. Instead of ovulating, the female produces hundreds of thousands of semi-amoeboid spores: essentially, the race does not so much reproduce, as re-evolve itself. The cells divide astonishingly fast: one Lizard can produce enough spores to colonise an entire planet in a matter of hours. And, judging by the advanced engorgement of your Dragon's gills, that may happen at any time within the next few days."

All the colour drained from Naughton's face.

Without missing a beat, the Doctor picked out the letters 'H', 'C' and 'A', slotting them neatly onto the Scrabble board between a conjunction of 'GAME' and 'SET' to make 'MATCH'.

*

Flustered and sweaty, Naughton bounded up the narrow series of winding stairways which led to Prunella's boudoir. The Doctor and Jo followed.

The little waiter stood, legs apart, blocking the doorway to the Dragon's room. Naughton attempted to bludgeon his way past him. The waiter slapped him across the face, sending Naughton reeling.

The Doctor and Jo watched on, amazed. Naughton composed himself as best he could from a horizontal repose. "Just what do you think you're doing?" he blustered.

"I think it's time we set a few matters straight," said the once-dumb waiter in a rich, dark-brown tone. From the inside of his jacket, he produced a stubby, black rod which he levelled at Naughton, the Doctor and Jo. His features blurred, elongated; his face rippling like the surface of a disturbed pond. He chuckled, seemingly growing taller. Jo blinked. Standing in the little waiter's shoes was the indubitably saturnine figure of the Master.

A pause. The Doctor rubbed the end of his nose. "I wish you weren't here," he said.

To be concluded . . .

The American Dream

Nicola Bryant continues her reminiscences of her time as Peri on *Doctor Who* with Steve Lyons and Chris Howarth.

Left to right: Nicola Bryant in a publicity pose; Colin Baker and Nicola post-*Doctor Who*; Colin and Nicola in costume to welcome the return of *Doctor Who* for its twenty-third season; Yrcanos (Brian Blessed), the Doctor and Peri on the run in Parts Five to Eight of *The Trial of a Time Lord*. *Doctor Who* photos © BBC Video

On Wednesday 27th February 1985, it was announced that the twenty-third season of *Doctor Who* would be postponed until the following autumn; press hype and hysteria, however, saw the news reported in *The Sun* as "Dr Who is Axed in a BBC Plot". Nicola Bryant, the young actress who had played the Doctor's companion Peri throughout the previous season, had been on holiday in Venice when the story broke, and returned home completely unaware of the ensuing media frenzy. She recalls: "John Nathan-Turner had been trying to get hold of me and hadn't been able to. I had just got in the door when the phone rang. It was some press person – I can't remember which paper he was from – and he said to me, 'Ah, great, caught you in. Nicola, what do you think of the death of *Doctor Who*?' I thought he meant that Colin [Baker] had died, because I was used to people saying to me, 'What do you think, Peri?' or 'What do you feel about the Doctor?' when they meant the actor, not the character. So I thought that Colin had been killed, and I was so upset that I hung up. I burst into tears and was crying over my husband, going, 'Oh my God, Colin's dead; I must call Marion [Baker's wife] and the kids.' I was in a terrible way. Then the phone rang again and it was my agent saying, 'Thank God I've got hold of you . . .' I said, 'I know all about it, he's dead.' 'What are you talking about, you silly girl?' he said, 'The show's been cancelled.' Then I was angry because not only was it bad enough that the press had called you on your home number – which, although you change it every six weeks, they still manage to get hold of – but to have phrased it like that was incredibly dumb of them and I was so upset.

"All the excuses and reasons that were given for cancelling the show were just absolutely laughable because none of them – statistically – stood up in an argument. So not only was it a waste of a good show, but a waste of money because all those people had to be paid."

It had also been alleged that, throughout Season Twenty-Two, the show had become increasingly violent; both *Vengeance On Varos*' 'acid bath' scene and *The Two Doctors*' visceral presentation style had been subject to some criticism, which Nicola found absurd. "I don't think there was any conscious thought about that, and I don't think it was any more violent than beforehand. It's an adventure story; you can't get into trouble without some form of crisis, accident or whatever. Considering that our competition on the other side was *The A-Team* where everyone's heads were getting blown off all the time, I just thought, 'What a load of rubbish.' And if you don't like it, don't watch it. Move on, watch the repeats of *The Magic Roundabout*. It was just one of those media myths and a couple of fans clung on to it because some people like to have a gripe about anything they can. We were taking a lot of trouble on the show with things like the mutant [in *Revelation of the Daleks*] to make sure we were understanding and kind. We didn't use swear words or leave people dying all over the place. Some of the scenes were exceptionally well-directed – on *Revelation*, Graeme Harper did a job that you could see on the big screen – therefore that gives them a bit more weight. Graeme made it exceptionally intense but instead of people saying, 'Great! Look at the quality we're getting, and haven't we got some talented young directors doing some terrific stuff with the show?', it's 'Oh, I say, that's a bit violent, isn't it?'

"I don't know why it is. I suppose it's because there's so much involvement with *Doctor Who*; its following has been really strong, and sometimes you get people saying that you should take out one scene or another. I don't think any other show gets such a response; nobody writes in to *EastEnders* saying, 'I think you should take the scene with the washing on the line out.' *Doctor Who* creates that sense of involvement which can be a good thing but it can also lead to the problem of everyone wanting to be the director and producer of *Doctor Who*."

Of course, Nicola had no idea of the intensity of the fans when she had joined the series: "I was just amazed. It's wonderful, actually, I find it's like being part of another family that never disappears. I had my birthday a couple of months ago and I still get lots of fans sending me birthday cards and nice thoughts, and it's been years since I left the show. They watch everything I do, come and see the plays I'm in, and always write such nice letters. When I visit the conventions, people are so kind and generous." Latterly, BBC video releases of Peri's stories have contributed anew to the volume of Nicola's fan mail: "It brings in a whole new generation. Kids who didn't see my shows ten years ago – who weren't even born when they were on – are suddenly becoming fans.

"For me, looking back ten or twelve years in my life, I personally feel very dated in *Doctor Who*."

"For me, looking back ten or twelve years in my life, I personally feel very dated in it. As an adventure series, the only way to watch it is to stick another generation in front of it who haven't seen it before and see if it stands up for them – and I guess it does. I mean, it's not as hi-tech as most of the shows the kids are used to nowadays, but there's that thing that always attracted me when I was watching, which was that the Doctor was such a fascinating character and everybody wanted to be the assistant, all thinking: 'I wonder what it would be like if I was there. What kind of adventure would I have?' It's such a simple formula, an eccentric old scientist, but I like it."

Still under contract to *Doctor Who*, Nicola kept herself busy during the series' extended break from television. "I went away and did theatre and they [the BBC] had to pay me. For me it was great – to have done eighteen months' television, to have enough of a name behind you to say, 'Yes, I want to do this part,' and to be able to go away and enjoy myself doing some theatre was terrific. It also meant that when I came back and did the final episodes I was very keen to get back out there again and do other things. It would have been easier for me to have left completely but I wanted to go back and get the relationship between Peri and the Doctor right."

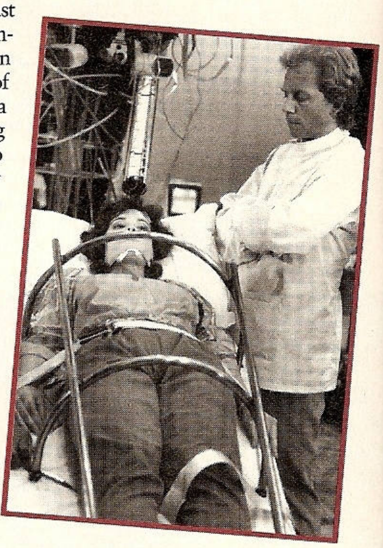
Nevertheless, *Doctor Who* had not been abandoned completely; during the summer of 1985, Nicola was reunited with Colin Baker on the BBC Radio 4 production *Slipback*. "It was fun to get out and do something on radio but it didn't stop me from being exceedingly angry with the whole situation. What a waste – the scripts for the season had already been commissioned and written, the first episodes cast. It was just a completely ridiculous waste of money. But mine is not to reason why." In Nicola's opinion, the cancelled Season Twenty-Three had been shaping up well: "I saw the first script [*The Nightmare Fair*]. I was a big fan of Michael Gough, who was going to play the Celestial Toymaker. I passed him once in LA; I was jogging in this canyon and he was walking down. I jogged passed him and almost stopped and said, 'We nearly worked together,' but it would've sounded really naff. I was really looking forward to working with him, I spent the whole of my little break thinking, 'Yes! I'm going to work with Michael Gough.'

"I knew some of the other things that were in store. I had quite a long discussion with Eric [Saward, script editor] and he was going to write a Peri story in which she was going to meet her alter-ego, who was the essence of evil. I was really looking forward to that. We got on really well, and he liked my character and thought it would be really interesting to write that kind of story. To have lost out on that was another reason to get angry when the season was cancelled." She had also eagerly anticipated the planned shooting of Robert Holmes' Master/Autons script in Singapore: "It was a great storyline . . . it was all so exasperating."

Despite her anger and frustration, Nicola avoided getting involved with the politics: "You can't, really. Much as I wanted to get on a chat show with Michael Grade, it was not something I could do and still be a working actor. You just have to leave the politics to everybody else and get on with what you do which is go away, do some theatre, wait until they sort it out, and come back.

"When we came back, the season storyline [the epic *The Trial of a Time Lord*] was quite interesting. I can't complain about the way I was

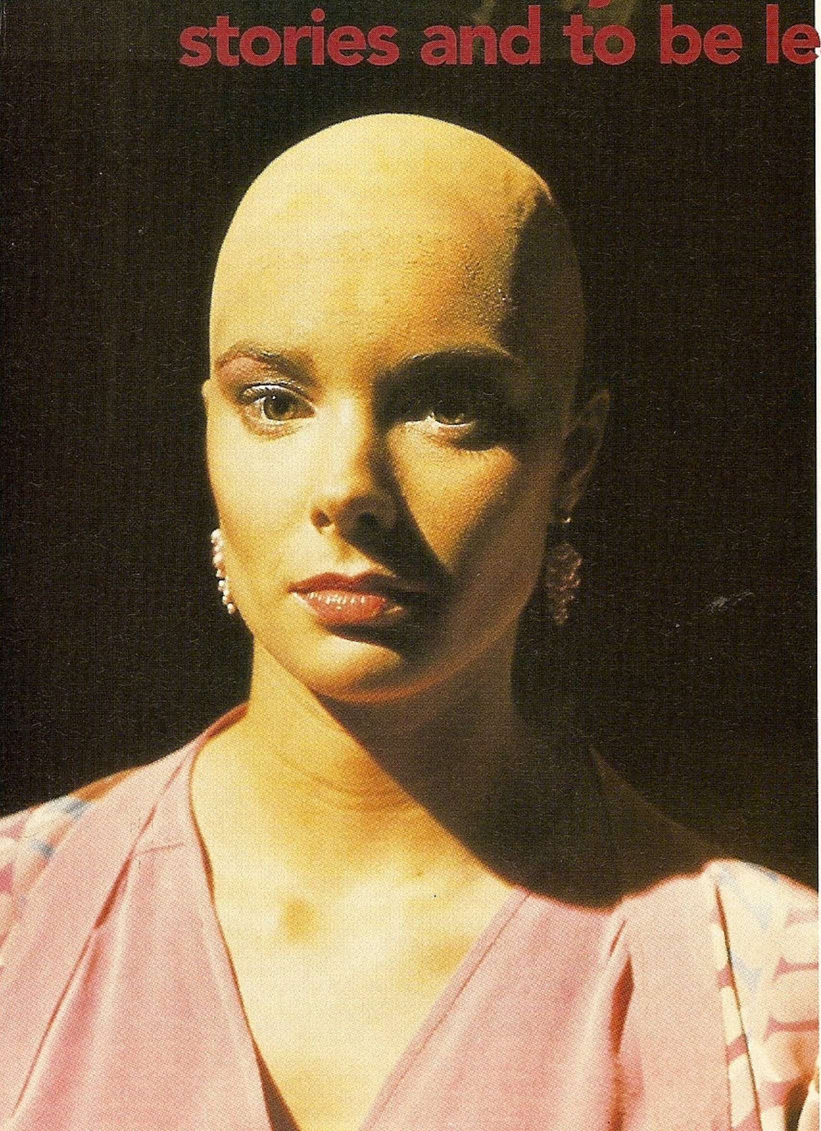
written out, and I loved working with Brian Blessed. I just missed certain things that I got excited about. I felt like a kid who'd been promised all this stuff, then it got taken away. The worst part was I just couldn't agree with the reasoning behind it. The whole argument about statistics and viewing figures was rubbish because the figures had gone up.



"I enjoyed filming the whole of the last batch because it was a different relationship with Colin. Colin and I had not been happy with it for the last few episodes [of Season Twenty-Two], so when we had a chance to come back it was something that we expressed, that we wanted to change it. I don't know whether they had already decided that they wanted to do that anyway – they knew they wanted to make a complete change. Obviously there had to be some kind of timescale, something had to have taken place. But we were all in agreement which was the important thing. We were glad to be back working together, so it was nice that the characters were also in the same situation; they were happy together, and there was a much more interesting relationship.

"But it was also terribly sad to be filming the last stories, because although I knew I was going and everything was agreed and finalised, I couldn't help but feel really sad to be leaving such a team. The first day after finishing was really hard; I was thinking, 'Where are they all?' Because I had come straight out of drama school, which was like a unit, then straight into another group for three years on *Doctor Who*, I'd had these long periods in places and felt very secure doing both of them. And suddenly to be out there in the big wide world was scary."

"It was terribly sad to be filming the last stories and to be leaving such a team."



Nevertheless, Nicola had been sure of her reasons for leaving the series. "I had a three-year contract and that contract was up. If I'd stayed on any longer I'd have been there longer than two of the Doctors. You've just got to accept that you're in there for so long and then you move on. I felt I'd had a really good stab because I was pretty much one of the longest-serving assistants, not necessarily in terms of episodes because of the hiatus, but in time. If I'd stayed any longer it would've been out of proportion. Three years is long enough for any assistant."

The circumstances of Peri's departure in Part Eight of *The Trial of a Time Lord* were certainly unique. "John Nathan-Turner had asked me how I wanted to leave the show, and I said I didn't want to stand outside the TARDIS waving a handkerchief and saying, "Bye-bye, Doctor, I'll see you later. Send me a postcard,' or whatever. I wanted it to be spectacular and dramatic. I thought that it was a pretty dramatic ending . . ."

Indeed; Peri Brown, left a soulless hulk inhabited only by the mind of the hideous alien Lord Kiv, would be gunned down by King Yrcanos, acting as an unwitting assassin at the behest of the Time Lords. "I loved it, but it did upset a lot of people. The telephone lines were jammed at the BBC with people saying, 'My child's distraught – you've just killed off his favourite companion! It's disgraceful!' Then all this mail piled in. Rather than going back to the studio and refilming it, it was brought in that she wasn't really dead – she was married off!

"I was furious, I thought, 'What a cop-out.' It was the one thing I didn't want it to be. And I don't really imagine Peri and Yrcanos marrying. It's just not a situation that could've worked – divorce courts here we come – but I suppose it made some people happier."

After *Doctor Who*, Nicola appeared with Patrick Macnee in the West End production of *Killing Jessica* – playing an American. "I couldn't get seen for any of the English rose parts. My agent kept saying, 'You really should see her.' The casting directors just said, 'No, she's American.' My background's Surrey, riding country and all that – not that I ride. So anything that came up, girls from that area, I thought, 'Yeah.' But they said, 'No, she's American . . .'

"I was offered every screaming American teenager part. And although I was doing a lot of stage work I still got those parts on stage. In one season I'd get one Chekhov, one Shakespeare, one screaming

American. One day my sister came to see a show and she said, 'I can't remember, when was the last show you did where you didn't scream?' I thought, 'Right, that's it, it's gone too far,' so I started turning down the screaming American parts. Also, by the time you get to twenty-six or twenty-seven, you're fed up with playing teenagers."

However, Nicola remains sanguine on the topic of typecasting post-*Doctor Who*. "I think the show can do you as much harm as it can do you good, but ultimately who's to know what the difference would have been if you hadn't done the show. It's very easy to blame – I know a lot of people say, 'Oh, nothing worked out for me after *Doctor Who*' – but it's just one of those things you can never judge. I spend probably seventy percent of my life playing Americans because you get into a niche . . . However, I must admit I like going for American parts because they're usually more gutsy and there's often more meat in the drama somehow." In fact, Nicola has even worked for US television. "I did a sitcom over there, but I don't think it's done much because it hasn't come over here. It's called *All Night Out*, and it's set in a bar – a bit like *Cheers*."

Possibly risking falling back into another kind of niche, Nicola has also appeared with Colin Baker in BBV's fan-produced *The Stranger* series of video-only releases. "It was lovely to work together again. We work in a very similar fashion; we argue our points and thrash out our characters' feelings and then just get on with it. But we'll feel quite vehement about what we should or should not be doing in a situation and ninety-nine percent of the time we're in agreement.

"Colin and I have remained close, although we don't necessarily talk that often, but with close people you don't have to talk all the time. When my father died he was really there for me, which is a good indicator of our friendship. I love working with him and I would like to do a project every year with him. Which is rather indulgent really, isn't it? You should be more adventurous, really get out there and do things."

Some might say that the Stranger and Miss Brown were just a little similar to the Doctor and Peri. "Well, of course *officially* they were nothing like each other at all," jokes Nicola. "I tried to keep her away from Peri as far as possible for obvious reasons, but on the other hand you are in a similar situation, and situation does dictate character to a certain degree. So there was a definite core of our relationship which was similar."

Peri herself was back for the November 1993 *Children in Need* special, *Dimensions in Time*. "I thought it was brilliant, a really good idea. The story was flimsy but it wasn't there to be nit-picked, it was a five-minute bit of fluff for charity. I don't know how well the 3-D came out. It wasn't devastatingly 3-D, but you can't expect miracles and it wasn't bad for television.

"It would've been lovely to have done a really spectacular special and had absolutely everybody involved," says Nicola; one of her reasons being a desire to appear alongside Tom Baker. "I'd worked with Pat Troughton on *The Two Doctors*. On *Children in Need* I worked with Jon Pertwee. I worked with Sylvester McCoy on the Bill Baggs series. So I sort of feel that I've worked with all the Doctors bar Tom, and I feel very lucky to have worked with so many of them."

There simply isn't enough space to list all of Nicola's future ambitions, but as well as acting, she is keen to continue developing her music writing, although she is unsure of the direction it will ultimately take. And it seems that the shadow of *Doctor Who* is never too far away. "The thing is, the longer I'm away from the show the more nostalgic I feel about it. The things that really bothered me at the time, like the leotards and shorts, pneumonia, frostbite . . . you romanticise. It's like bad relationships; in hindsight you think, 'Oh, it wasn't that bad, it was all right, really.' All the bad bits blur and you just remember the good bits – the camaraderie and the fun – and you want to do that again." ◆

Opposite page:
Peri makes her final appearances in *Doctor Who* in *The Trial of a Time Lord*.
Photos © BBC Video

Above:
A publicity shot of Nicola Bryant.

Below left:
Nicola Bryant makes a return to *Doctor Who* in the Thirtieth Anniversary pastiche for *Children in Need, Dimensions in Time*, together with Peter Davison as the Doctor and Sarah Sutton as Nyssa.
Photo © BBC

Six and Violence

Steve Lyons looks at the creation and development of the character of the Sixth Doctor; and how a few small changes may have made him perhaps the Time Lord's longest-running and most popular incarnation.

Arguably, it was the single most radical change in the history of *Doctor Who*: a dose of spectrox toxemia disposed of the polite, self-effacing, vulnerable Fifth Doctor and gave birth to a brash, arrogant bully who, within minutes, was attempting to murder his best friend. "I am the Doctor," declared this strange newcomer, "whether you like it or not!" But too many people didn't like it, and nine stories later, the Sixth Doctor's tenure came to an abrupt end as the programme emerged from the most fraught and controversial period of its history. So what exactly was it that attracted the criticism of fans, reviewers and BBC executives alike?

"I was very keen that it should be clear the Doctor doesn't come from Tunbridge Wells but he is actually from a planet called Gallifrey," Colin Baker once said, speaking to **DWM**. "So even though he looks like you or me, he does have two hearts and other things that are different – maybe he doesn't have the same values." In 1984, it made sense to pursue this avenue of exploration: Peter Davison had just completed three years of playing a very 'human' Time Lord and some contrast was clearly desirable. At the same time, Tom Baker's marathon stint, from which Davison's was so deliberately a departure, was still relatively recent. An altogether new direction was needed, and the show's creators found one by emphasising those aspects of the Doctor which had been perhaps most lacking in Davison's portrayal.

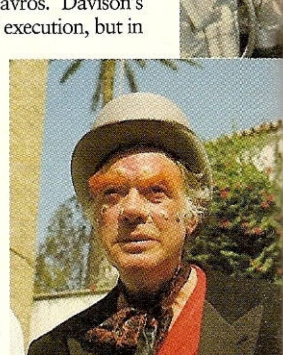
What emerged onto our screens, then, was a more alien Doctor than any we had previously seen. He was unpredictable and often unapproachable. His actions were sometimes inexplicable, even less than heroic. It was hard for us to identify with him. But then, was that such a departure from the very earliest days of the programme, when William Hartnell played a Doctor who was not always completely likeable? Or from the occasions when Tom Baker reminded us that his Doctor, too, was a long way from being human? Perhaps not – but, in one important sense, the Sixth Doctor was indeed different. Colin Baker has often said that his character was essentially an amalgam of those who had gone before him, but one vital ingredient seemed to be absent from that mix. The Doctor's sense of morality – the strength of which was perhaps the single constant throughout his first five incarnations – was suddenly and shockingly opened to question. This Doctor didn't always do the right thing.

Baker's debut story, *The Twin Dilemma*, could hardly have made the point more plainly. Script editor Eric Saward took the actor's premise much further than even he had anticipated, using the concept of a 'misfired' regeneration to incorporate astonishing displays of bad temper and cruelty by the Doctor, aimed particularly toward his companion, Peri. At first, the fans seemed to enjoy the contrast.

Although **DWM**'s season survey for 1984 placed *The Twin Dilemma* in sixth place, compiler Gary Russell summarised feeling thus: "the universal comment . . . was 'Colin Baker was ace, shame about the story.'" However, by the end of the following year, and Baker's first full season as the Doctor, opinions had definitely changed.

Doctor Who has never been a stranger to pressure from lobbyists against TV violence, but Season Twenty-Two attracted complaints like few other episodes before it. The perceived increase in the level of violence even contributed towards (or at least helped to justify) Michael Grade's decision to suspend the show for eighteen months. Those closely involved with *Doctor Who* defended it to the hilt, perhaps most notably Eric Saward and Nicola Bryant [Nicola's comments on the matter appear next issue]. But what differentiated this particular controversy from others was that even some of the fans – usually so quick to pour scorn on the Mary Whitehouse brigade – were questioning the show's new approach.

I don't think it is unfair to suggest that it wasn't the depiction of violence *per se* to which *Doctor Who*'s most ardent followers objected. Rather, it was the role of the Doctor himself in such acts, the most commonly cited of which is his battle against two guards in *Vengeance on Varos* which culminated in his pushing both foes into a deadly acid bath. Interviewed for *The Sixth Doctor Handbook*, Eric Saward argued that: "There have never been moral absolutes. The Doctor has been responsible for many deaths throughout the series' history." And indeed he has. It would be difficult to find many instances, though, in which he has killed without being forced to do so. Arguably, this was not the case when, in *The Two Doctors*, he physically attacked Shockeye and smothered him with cyanide – or when, in *Revelation of the Daleks*, he aided Orcini in several attempts to assassinate Davros. Davison's Doctor had once blanched from carrying out Davros' execution, but in similar circumstances, such as in *Timelash*, his successor showed no compunction about ending a life – in this case the Borad's (the original, not the clone) – for lesser crimes. Perhaps what most distressed viewers, though, was the Sixth Doctor's casual attitude towards his own actions. The acid bath incident, for example, was followed by a smile and the jauntily delivered parting shot: "Forgive me if I don't join you." In a similar vein was the tasteless quip "No arm in trying," aimed at the recently disfigured Davros.



Colin Baker explained the rationale behind such scenes: "I thought it would be quite nice if sometimes he [the Sixth Doctor] didn't behave in the way we would expect him to behave. So, on one day, if a person was mown down in front of him he might just step over them and ask somebody the time; on another day, he might go into terrible paroxysms of grief about a sparrow falling out of a tree." Was this such a bad idea, after all? The Sixth Doctor might have been an uncomfortable character to watch at times – but then, would the viewers of an imaginative, speculative sci-fi show like *Doctor Who* consider themselves unable to handle a bit of innovation; an attempt to stretch the boundaries of a time-worn format? Surely we can appreciate this slightly different take on a long-established character for the bold experiment which it was intended to be? Perhaps.

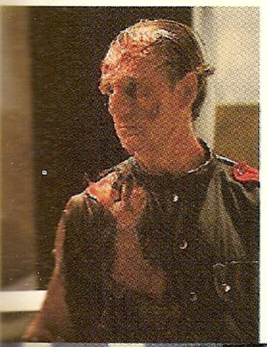
The problem, however, is that even with the luxury of forty-five-minute episodes, it is difficult for an action-adventure serial like *Doctor Who* to find time for the character exposition and development which this unique Doctor sorely needed. Too much of his motivation was thus communicated by surface appearances, with his acts of violence taking

Above: The Sixth Doctor (Colin Baker) proudly displays his new body after his regeneration in *The Twin Dilemma*. Photo © BBC Video

Centre, from top: The grisly aftermath of the acid baths on Varos. *Vengeance on Varos*. Photo © BBC Video; Lytton (Maurice Colbourne) pays the price for defying the Cybermen. *Attack of the Cybermen*. Photo © BBC; Shockeye O' the Quawncing Grig (John Stratton) on the lookout for food in *The Two Doctors*. Photo © BBC; the mutated results of Davros' experimentation in *Revelation of the Daleks*. Photo © BBC on a mostly superficial nature. Even the Sixth Doctor's costume can be considered indicative of the way in which the production team attempted to use simple visual cues as a shorthand for character building. Unfortunately, a clashing patchwork coat and a few random actions do not a complex and believable alien personality make.

The key to providing a better insight into the Sixth Doctor could well have been the reactions of his companion, to whom the task of viewer identification has always traditionally fallen. Indeed, Peri's relationship with her travelling partner was shown to be an unsettled one: she frequently displayed her discomfort and irritation at the loss of a newfound friend and his replacement by someone who, initially, she didn't even like. However, her squabbles with the Doctor were, again, for the most part superficial and trivial. She never tackled him about his ethics, nor tried to prevent him from solving problems with violence. Peri showed more distress when the Doctor burnt dinner than when he casually murdered several Varosians with stinging vines. On occasion, she even resorted to such methods herself. In *Timelash*, she permanently blinded a guard by thrusting a deadly plant into his face (and it is interesting to note that this was a deliberate change to Glen McCoy's original script, in which the plant only inflicted a temporary disability). Like the Doctor, she showed no reluctance to do what, perhaps, had to be done, nor remorse for the consequences of her actions.

The Doctor's sense of morality was suddenly and shockingly opened to question.



By Season Twenty-Three, Peri had ceased to question the Doctor altogether, although admittedly there was less to question him about. The dubious morality of his character was less of an issue in *The Trial of a Time Lord* (at least in those scenes which cannot be passed off as Matrix fabrications), presumably as a result of Michael Grade's instructions to cut down on violence. It was also the case that, as Nicola Bryant has said, "if Peri was going to stay with the Doctor, or if the Doctor was going to put up with Peri, they had to be getting on . . . There is more obvious caring in [Season Twenty-Three] . . . you realise that the relationship must have settled down." It does seem odd, though, that later in the season, the "truthful, honest and about as boring as they come" Melanie was quite happy to stand by without comment as the Doctor destroyed the Vervoids. This was, perhaps, a typical *Doctor Who* 'kill or be killed' situation; however, the Sixth Doctor's attitude (he doesn't even realise, until the Inquisitor points it out, that he has committed genocide against an intelligent race) is a stark contrast to the Fifth's anguish over the similarly 'necessary' deaths of a handful of Silurians and Sea Devils in *Warriors of the Deep*.

The Trial of a Time Lord effectively saw the end of the 'experimental' Sixth Doctor, as Colin Baker settled into a character which was not quite the one he had first envisaged. The Doctor's methods became, on the whole, less physical and certainly less controversial (although it could be argued that, thanks to the changes necessitated by Grade's comments, he was not faced with the sort of moral dilemmas which had previously dogged him). He was still capable of arrogance and of petulant outbursts, but his motives were open to far less doubt. His embittered monologue about the corruption of the Time Lords in Part Thirteen of this epic story is generally regarded as one of the Doctor's finest moments in any incarnation, and shows him taking a high moral standpoint. It was, however, perhaps unwise to negate the effects of this change in direction by including glimpses of a more unstable Doctor. Whilst fans may appreciate that these were exposed as the Valeyard's lies, they can only have served to further alienate the casual viewer.

Whatever the case, the BBC executives decided that a further change in the programme was needed and, perhaps, chose to make the wrong one. Colin Baker was ousted from his role and the Sixth Doctor's tenure ended just as it was really getting started. Three years later, *The Ultimate Adventure* stage play showed us what this Doctor could have eventually become, as Baker further developed his character and presented what could indeed be described as its ultimate (and certainly most agreeable) incarnation. As well as smoothing down some of the Sixth Doctor's sharper edges, Baker injected a childlike sense of curiosity and wonder into the character. It is also worth noting, in light of past events, that Baker rewrote one scene to allow his Doctor to attempt to save a doomed insect race which Jon Pertwee's version had simply abandoned to its fate.

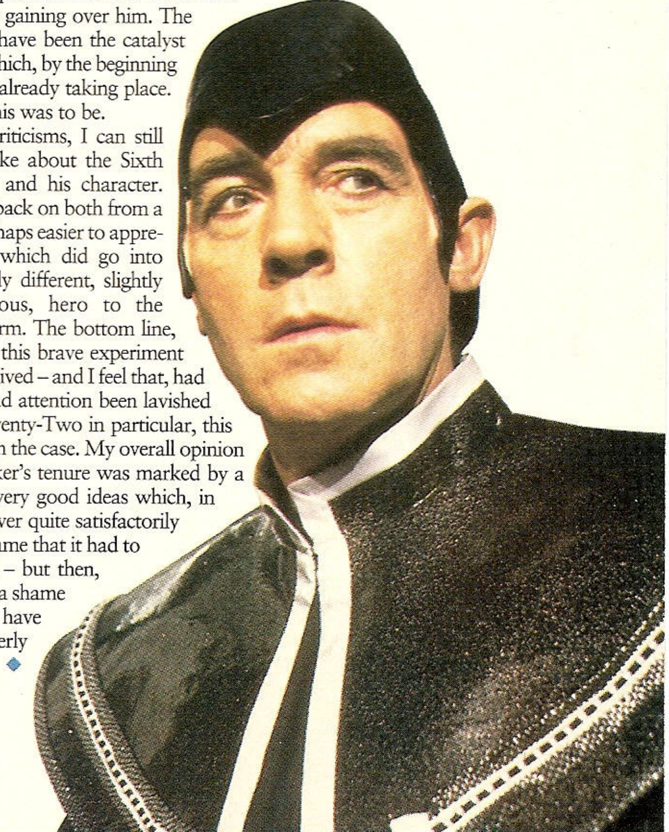
When the Sixth Doctor left the Time Lords' courtroom then, still complaining about Mel's carrot juice, a great deal of potential was lost. It seemed that the *Doctor Who* team were only just getting to grips with their central character, and another season could have helped to consolidate the changes which they had already begun to make. Colin Baker could have seen out a long and popular tenure as a more traditional (more acceptable?) Doctor. It has to be said, though, that his character shouldn't have been in such an early stage of development after three years - and, in my opinion, this was the Sixth Doctor's biggest problem. Somehow, between the production team and the writers, the original and very promising idea of an unpredictable, alien Doctor was mishandled to the extent that, eventually, no choice remained but to effectively abandon it and start again.

The question is, given the limitations of the format, could that original idea have been handled any better? I think so. To my mind, the one thing which is conspicuously absent from most of the Sixth Doctor's episodes was some sort of acknowledgement of the fact of his occasional abberations. This acknowledgement could have come from either the Doctor or from his companions, but it was important that it should have come from somebody. As it was, the only instance in which comment was passed was by the Doctor himself when, in the closing moments of *Attack of the Cybermen*, he realised poignantly that his arrogance had led to the death of the ultimately noble Lytton. This scene was brief and nothing further was ever made of it (the ample space available for characterisation at the beginning of the following story was given over instead to pointless bickering).

In the end, maybe all that was needed to make the experiment of the Sixth Doctor work was a few more scenes like this: a few more clashes between what the Doctor once was and what he had now become. We needed to see those moments in which some semblance of his old decency emerged and he became aware of what his impulsive new personality had wrought. At the least, we needed to see Peri and Mel making some attempt to rein in their friend's more unacceptable tendencies. With all this in mind, the appearance of the Valeyard in Season Twenty-Three could have provided the ultimate opportunity to explore the issues raised by the Sixth Doctor's existence. Facing a personification of the evil side of his own nature, he could perhaps have been moved to question the hold which that side was already gaining over him. The Valeyard could have been the catalyst for the change which, by the beginning of the trial, was already taking place. Sadly, none of this was to be.

Despite my criticisms, I can still find plenty to like about the Sixth Doctor's stories and his character. Indeed, looking back on both from a distance, it is perhaps easier to appreciate the effort which did go into creating a slightly different, slightly more adventurous, hero to the *Doctor Who* norm. The bottom line, however, is that this brave experiment was not well received – and I feel that, had more thought and attention been lavished upon Season Twenty-Two in particular, this needn't have been the case. My overall opinion is that Colin Baker's tenure was marked by a proliferation of very good ideas which, in the end, were never quite satisfactorily realised. It's a shame that it had to end when it did – but then, it's even more of a shame that it couldn't have been done properly from the outset. ◆

Below:
The Doctor's darker side, the Valeyard (Michael Jayston) in *The Trial of a Time Lord*.
Photo © BBC Video



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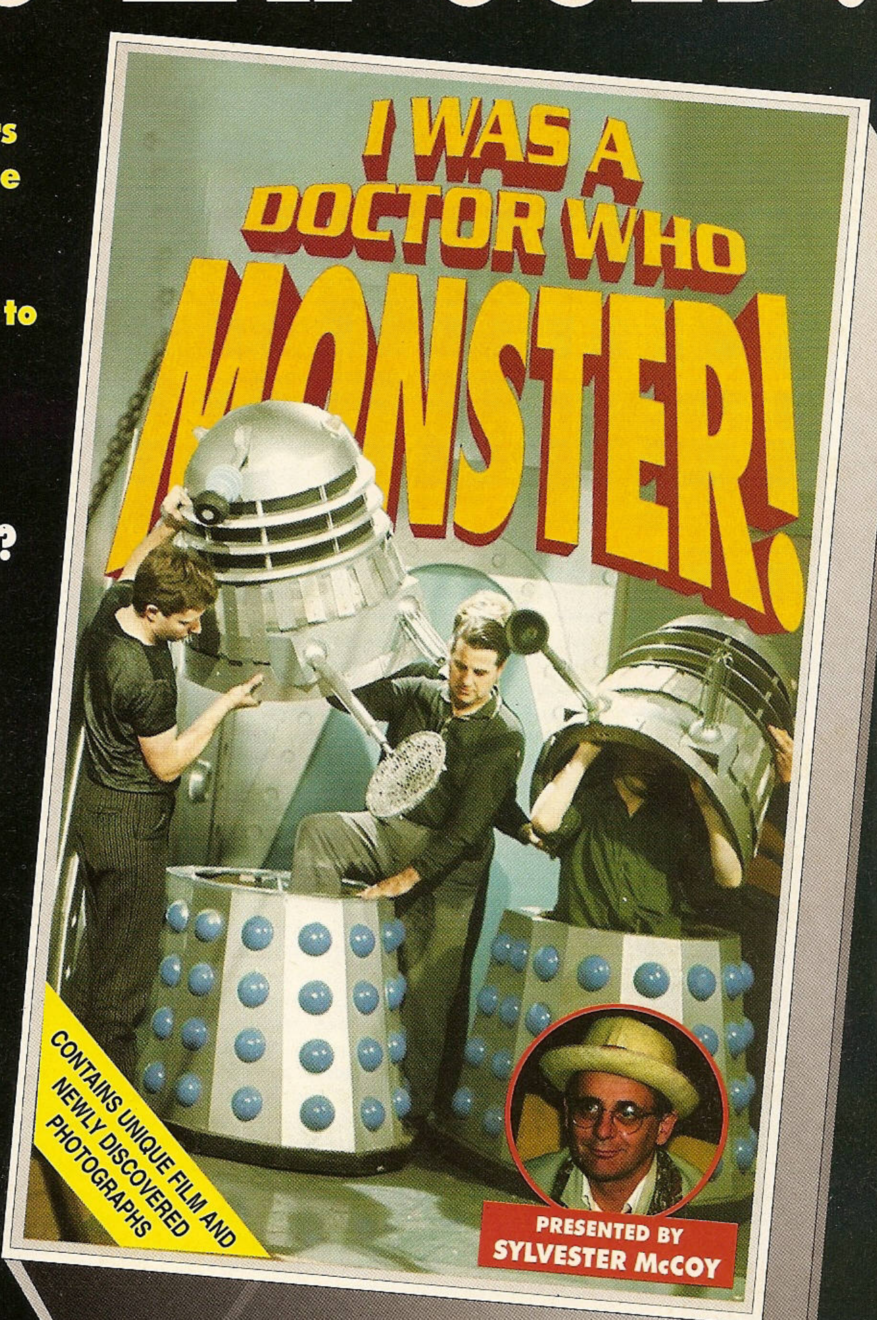
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